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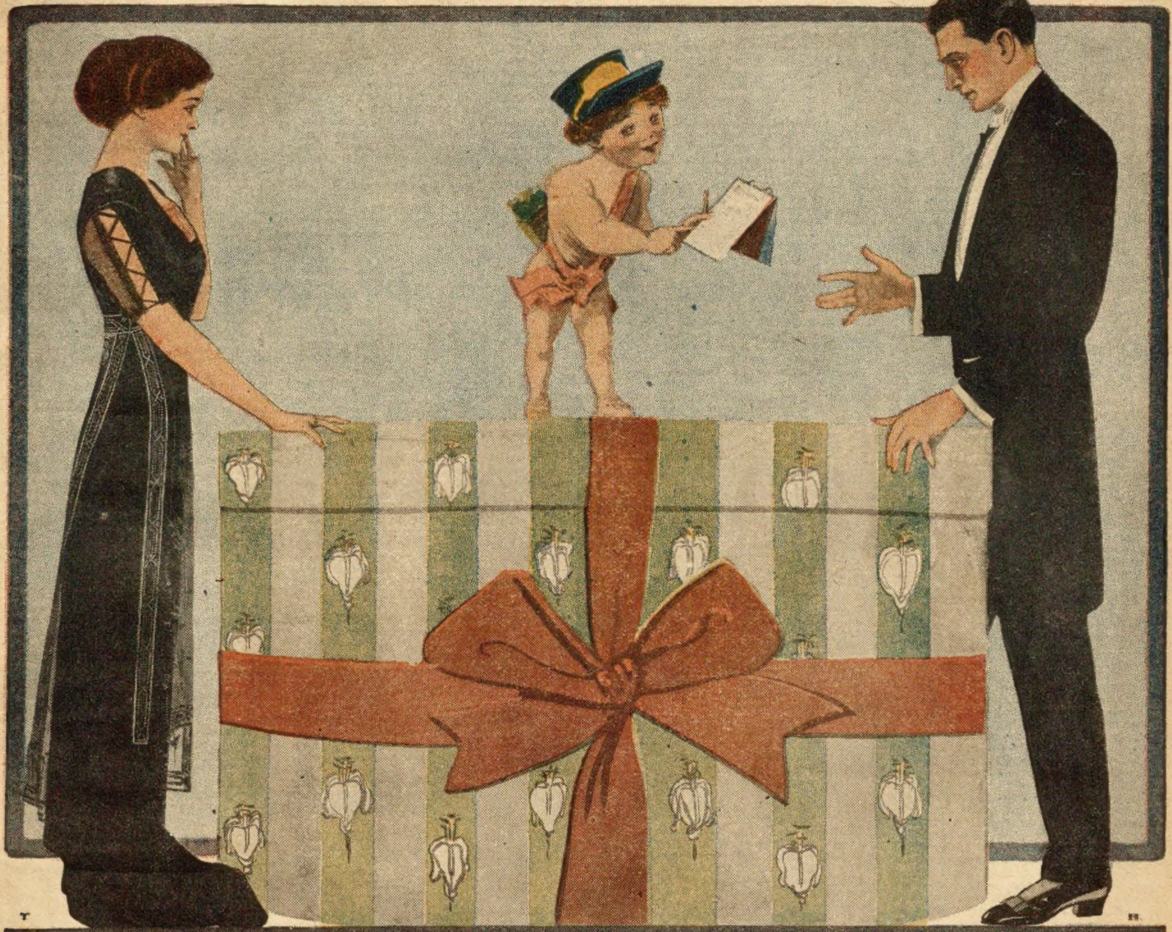

DELIVERING THE EASTER HAT

Ah, love, 'tis now too swiftly, like some groom,
Hast'ning to kiss his bride's vermilion mouth,
The glad young year, delirious with the south,
Opens his fairy treasures, bloom on bloom,
And brings in magic haste the awful day
When hats come home, and husbands have to pay!

Tarry a little, Springtime, crowd not so
Your blossoming to so swift a pace;
Teach all thy dancing flowers a quiet grace,
And bid thy bird musicians warble low;
Stir not too high hope's raptures in the soul—
For there's a limit to each husband's "roll"!

THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER;

Or, THE VAMPIRE OF VENICE

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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CHAPTER V:

HOUSE OF THE IRON DOOR.

THERE were many dark cross purposes in Venice. Marino Faliero was plotting for more power, and in this had incurred the hostility of many nobles and the Council of Ten. The famous black-robed body had at its command the best bravos of the city, and it had but to speak to have its spies within the very walls of the ducal palace.

The great Doge was furious when he discovered that the Lady Sylva had given her heart to Leon Vincent, the young Englishman. Vincent was no weakling. He had seen much of the world, and his sword had been fleshed on one of the greatest battlefields of the century. It was when he set out to see the world that he drifted into Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, and Fate opened her doors to him. Meeting the Doge's daughter at a grand ball, his heart went out to her, and it was not long ere he discovered that his passion was reciprocated. From that moment their love grew, and those who were most observing startled the Doge with the story that his child was in love with the Briton.

Marino Faliero raged when he learned the secret which Lady Sylva had been guarding from him till a time when she could openly avow her regard for Vincent, but he surprised her with the information he had received, and told her that the daughter of a Doge should never become the bride of one in whose veins ran no Venetian blood.

This, of course, only intensified the young lover's affection. They thrived on opposition, and, seeing that he could not curb his daughter's passion, the Doge began to throw out his vengeful net for Vincent. Thus it came about that Leon was compelled to hide from the fury of the Doge. Duke Salvo, the head of the palace guard, sent his minions everywhere. Every outlet was watched, every vessel searched, every hole and corner of Venice was ransacked for the Briton. Swords were out for him, but love was still afield.

If Marino Faliero had paused in his mad hunt for Vincent, he would have seen that his foes had not despaired of ridding Venice of his rule. The iron-hilted stiletto which had been driven through his portrait in the ducal palace should have told him, as perhaps it did, that the minions of the Ten were still abroad, that they could penetrate to the innermost recesses of the palace and leave behind them the sign of doom.

The disappearance of Lady Sylva startled the Doge. He believed that she had left of her own accord, and flown to her lover, whom he believed was still secreted somewhere in the city. Of the vampire he thought not. Since to his mind everything indicated that Sylva had gone to her lover, he resolved to renew his search and punish his minions if they did not find the pair.

Beppo, the dwarf, who, as we have seen, stole the paper from the belly of the bronze lion, had been sent with a message from his mistress to a house destined to play no unimportant part in our story of the Adriatic mart. When he reached the place, he found himself confronted by a narrow iron door, which opened when he gave the peculiar signal which Sylva had taught him. He was ushered into the house, and presently found himself in a room, in the middle of which stood the man whom he sought. Vincent knew at once that Beppo had come from Sylva Faliero.

"You have word for me?" he said, as his eyes lit up with pleasure at thought of hearing from his love.

The dwarf drew a letter from his bosom and extended it. Vincent broke the seal and read in silence, as follows:

"My Love—The search is unabated. This night Beppo, who delivers this, abstracted a letter of accusation from the lion's mouth. It was intended for the Ten, and gave information concerning your whereabouts. Thus you are to have new foes. Have courage and love. Despite the Ten and my ducal parent, we will yet triumph, and the skies will be clear for us if we persevere. If the worst comes—— But it shall not come! What a fearsome little thing I am! I will not dream of failure. I will be the Lady Sylva, for have I not the blood of the Doges in my veins? Stilettos, nor bravos, nor the Ten shall break the bonds of love. I kiss your name, dear Leon. Adieu. SYLVA."

As he folded the letter, Vincent turned to Beppo, who was playing with a cat which had purred against him.

"So you stole the letter from the lion's mouth?" he said.

A flash of victory lit up the dwarf's eyes.

"My mistress said my arms were long enough to reach into the lion's belly, and they were," he grinned. "The man who came did not rob Beppo."

"How's that?" asked Vincent. "Some one came, you say?"

"Yes, one Andrea whom I know, a rascal of the first water. He caught hold of me, and then —— well, master, I left him there for the lion to snarl at."

"You mean you killed Andrea?"

"What more could Beppo do?" was the reply. "Must he give up the letter the Lady Sylva wanted?"

"No, no; I did not mean that," cried Vincent. "Think you that you were not seen?"

"The lion only saw, master. I did not remain long, for when a man is dead, he isn't worth watching."

"But who is Andrea?"

"He served the great Duke, Raphael Sforza."

"I have heard of him," observed Vincent. "If I mistake not, he is said to be connected with the Ten?"

"That he is, master. Some day the stiletto will find this Duke, and he will not more inhabit the place where he plots against the Doge."

Soon afterward Beppo was sent away with a return message for Sylva, and Vincent read and re-read the one he had just received.

What a delight it was to him to know that nothing could shake the love of the Doge's daughter. It galled him to think that he must remain hidden without a chance to meet those who hunted him. He had never been concealed before. It was like clipping the wings of the eagle and confining him behind steel bars.

He was used to freedom. He would have sallied forth and defied the powers, but for his love's command, and he promised himself that the house of the little iron door should not hold him long and that he would go forth with his sword at his side and fight openly for the most beautiful woman in Venice.

It was with these thoughts that he soon afterward ascended a staircase and opened a small window in a wall. Surely he could not be observed, for he was far above the waters of the Lagoon, and it was still night. Leaning on the sill, he gazed upon the scene which stretched beneath his vision.

He looked first toward the ducal palace, and thought of the fair creature whom it held within its strong walls. She was thinking of him, plotting within her heart for the final triumph of love, when they could get beyond the snares of the foe and begin a life of bliss which should know no cloud.

Directly beneath the window flowed the waters of the Lagoon. Vincent took notice of the gondolas that flitted hither and thither, with their dancing lights and gayly decorated decks. Now and then echoes of merriment came up to his ears, and he recalled the excursions he had made on those very waters with Sylva when no one appeared to interrupt the course of true love.

All at once he saw a small barge draw near to the landing at the foot of the wall. At first he thought nothing of this, but when he saw a figure moor the gondola to the bank, he leaned out over the sill and looked with all eyes. He had not explored all the secrets of the house which had become his enforced retreat, but he thought he was secure from capture, for Sylva had told him that the place was strong, and had not been disturbed for months. As he looked, two men emerged from the gondola and disappeared among the shadows below.

"Some prowling robbers," thought Vincent, as he continued to regard the barge. "Venice is cursed with night thugs, who hesitate not to rob rich and poor alike, but the wealthy are their prey, and, if opposed, they don't hesitate to cut a throat."

Several minutes passed. The barge was still at the wharf, and not a sign of life was visible about it. Suddenly Vincent turned, for a sound which seemed to emanate from below sent a thrill through every fiber. The door leading to the stair was ajar, and the noise had reached him through this channel.

"They must keep the treasure higher up," he heard a voice say, and the next moment two men dashed into the room.

Vincent retreated to the wall and drew his sword.

"Ha! the Englishman!" cried one of the bravos. "This is fortune, Pisano!"

They rushed straight at Vincent, who barely had time to raise his blade, when the points of two rapiers touched his throat.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LION.

It promised to be a fortunate find for Pisano and Ludovic, two robber bravos of the basest sort, for if they could take Vincent a captive to the Doge, whose hatred of him was known all over Venice, they would not only be rewarded, but would receive pardon for all their misdeeds. It was an opportunity not to be overlooked, and when the ruffians found themselves suddenly confronted by Sylva's lover, they determined to crown their night raid with unexpected success.

But many people reckon without their host, and it was so with the pair of villains. Vincent was a capital swordsman, and even if he had not been, the situation would have nerved his arm and called all his judgment into play. The sharp points of the two rapiers were actually touching his throat, and behind there were the flashing and avaricious orbs of their owners. The wall was behind the Englishman and he could go no farther.

"Surrender!" cried Pisano. "You are the Englishman wanted by the great Doge."

That was enough. Leon, by a quick movement totally unexpected by the rascals, threw up his blade and dextrously dashed aside the rapiers; then, with a sudden thrust he buried his blade in Ludovic's body, sending him backward to the staircase. As he alighted, the door opened outward, and Leon heard him fall headlong down the flight. He had now but the remaining man to deal with, and he was surely worthy of his steel.

He disarmed Pisano, that worthy grappled with him, and they swayed backward and forward across the floor in a life-and-death struggle. All at once Vincent found the arms of his enemy about him like the folds of an anaconda. He was lifted from the floor, and heard the hiss of Pisano's tongue at his ears.

"Dead or alive, the Doge says!" cried Pisano. "A dead man is more easily handled."

Leon, despite his efforts to get the better of his man, was lifted to the sill of the little window. He saw the waters of the Lagoon far below. The barge was still at its moorings, though there was not a sign of life about it.

It was now a struggle for the mastery. Both men were on the sill, each tearing away like mad at the other. Leon thought of Sylva, and resolved to escape the doom which his antagonist had mapped out for him, for his desperate intention was only too apparent.

"Down you go, and St. Mark will not protect you!" exclaimed Pisano.

At that moment Leon got the upper hand. He broke from the vise-like grip of the Venetian, and it was now Pisano's turn to look into the doomful future. Vincent shut his jaws hard as he forced the bravo over the edge of the narrow sill.

"It's a game for two!" he cried. "Now may your patron saint receive you."

He swung Pisano out as far as he could, and then suddenly released his hold. Down went the body, whirling over and over till it struck the stones below, where it lay in a crushed heap of flesh and bone.

After regaining his breath, Vincent bethought himself of Ludovic. He raced down the staircase, expecting to find the second ruffian at the bottom, but he was not there. He ran through the rooms below, but no Ludovic was to be seen. A chill swept through Vincent, when he realized that the man, though wounded, had escaped.

Then the full horror of the situation dawned upon Sylva's lover. If the man should get clear, he (Vincent) was doomed. His retreat had been discovered, and he would be hunted, not by one foe, but by fifty, all eager to throw him into the power of the Doge.

He paused in his search for the missing man as the sonorous tones of St. Mark's clock fell upon his ears. Perchance the man had fallen somewhere in the street. He opened the little iron dor which led into the night and ventured out. He had recovered his sword, and held it naked in his hand.

In the excitement of the moment he forgot that the door had locked itself in closing. He was without means of getting back into his retreat. This situation did not dawn upon him in its fullness until he had searched the vicinity for Ludovic. When he gave up the search and turned back, he realized that he was in new danger.

If Ludovic had escaped, and it was now apparent that he had, the entire bravo quarter would soon vomit forth its denizens in search of him. Where to fly to he knew not.

Turning from the house, he ran to the wharf and looked around. He saw moored to an iron ring a small gondola, and bounded straight toward it. In another moment he was aboard and the moorings had been slipped.

The boat was unoccupied. Accustomed to using gondolas, he at once seized the long paddle and pushed out into the Lagoon. His late prison was soon behind him.

There were many boats on the water, and Vincent, watching them all, deftly avoided them as he shot along. This was better, thought he, as the cool air of night fanned his cheeks, then to be cooped up in a small room with no play for his muscles. All at once he descried a large gondola bearing down upon him. It looked like a ducal barge and a collision was imminent.

"Avast there!" called out a voice in clear Italian. "Are you going to run us down?"

At that moment the curtains of the raised apartment on the deck of the craft parted, and Vincent saw the face of a handsome man protrude.

"To the left, dog!" bawled out this person. "Turn, or by the gods, we'll send you to the fishes of the Adriatic!"

Vincent was eager to obey, but at that moment the heavy prow of the large gondola smashed into his lighter craft, and the little thing collapsed like an eggshell.

Lady Sylva's lover was hurled among the wreckage, and the waters began to swirl around him.

"Yonder is the rascal's head, Cosmo!" he heard a voice say. "Pull him in. He'll do for the block."

An arm reached forth for Vincent. He was seized and dragged aboard the large craft without ceremony. The next instant he was flung dripping upon the polished deck. Two men were bending over him.

"He's not Venetian, master," said one. "He looks English."

"By my holy troth, he does, Cosmo!" was the reply. "Is it possible that we have netted the very man I want?"

Vincent did not reply, but stared into the face of the speaker as though it was not entirely unfamiliar.

"Turn back," continued the ducal-looking occupant of the barge. "This is a prize indeed. You've won an hundred sequins for your work, my Cosmo."

Vincent continued to stare as silently as before. The gondola was now turned about, and shot forward with great speed. The Briton's strength was coming back, and he resolved to harbor it! Ten minutes later, Cosmo, who was a giant, lifted him from the deck of the barge, carried him ashore. A great pile of masonry rose above the water, and Vincent knew that it was a palace such as belonged only to the richest Venetians. The richly garbed man followed behind them.

Up a broad flight of marble steps Vincent was borne, and at a signal a heavy door swung open. He was carried down several corridors, and thrust into a tapestried chamber with a lofty ceiling, and left on the floor. He could hardly realize what had taken place within the last few minutes. Left to himself, he rose to his feet and took in the surroundings.

A profusion of wealth was everywhere. The walls were hung with paintings of every kind, and the soft carpet from Bagdad gave forth no sounds when his feet pressed it. There was not a weapon of any kind in sight.

Vincent was still taking in the appointments of the room when a lock clicked, and he turned toward the door.

"In, Leo, and watch him well," said a harsh voice. "Touch him on your peril!"

If Vincent had expected to see a man guard enter the chamber, he was quickly undeceived, for, with a growl, there bounded into the place a magnificent lion, the monarch of his tawny tribe, and a beast such as he had never seen in all his globe trotting. The king of beasts spied Vincent at once, and, crouching in front of him, shot at him a look which seemed to say: "One movement, Vincent, and your doom is sealed!"

The Englishman gave the lion look for look, and felt a chill in his blood.

CHAPTER VII.

OUT OF THE BAT'S DEN.

It was not for some hours that Lady Sylva, the Doge's daughter, came to herself after her abduction from the ducal palace by the minions of Raphael Sforza. As she had not come face to face with her adorer, she was at a loss to know where she was. She had thrilling recollections of the confrontation by the vampire, and these were enough to unnerve her, but the courage of her race was yet hers, and she resolved not to give way to womanly fears.

She had been told by the bat-man that she had but to ring for any needed assistance, and, remembering this, she put forth her hand and jerked a golden cord which swung above the table.

Almost instantly the door opened, and a young girl entered and courtesied, with a pleasant smile. Sylva regarded the girl for a moment, and then spoke.

"Whose palace is this?" she asked.

"The master's," was the reply.

"But the master?" persisted the Doge's child.

"He is the person whom I have the honor to serve."

Lady Sylva could not suppress a smile at this unique answer. It was evident that the girl had been coached, and was not disposed to reveal the identity of her overlord.

"I know that palaces are prisons in Venice!" cried the fair captive. "I have been brought to one of them. Knowest thou whom I am, girl?"

"The daughter of Marino Faliero."

"You speak truly. I am the Lady Sylva."

"I have seen you, mistress, in the ducal barge."

Sylva advanced upon the girl, who was beautiful and stately, with an air of authority which became not her origin, and her guardian retreated to the wall.

"Thy name?" she demanded.

"I am Fiamma."

"The servant of him whom you call great, but who is no better than a common bravo!"

Fiamma's cheeked reddened at these words, but the Doge's daughter proceeded.

"The night has passed," said she. "This is Marino Faliero's birthday, and tonight the nobleman of Venice are to do him honor in the ducal palace."

"I keep no account of birthdays but my own," was the answer.

"Am I to remain from the feast? Must I be a captive here, whilst the nobles drink my father's health in the golden banquet chamber?"

"I know not, lady. I obey my master."

"Tell me by what sort of creature I was confronted when I first entered this place—a creature which had the wings and face of a vampire."

"I cannot tell you, lady."

"But you have seen such an ogre within these walls?"

Fiamma's cheeks lost color, but she did not speak.

"I waste words with you," cried Sylva. "You are the sworn tool of the bat."

"I am only Fiamma."

"I would eat," said Sylva. "You are to serve me, so your master said."

"What would my lady have?"

"Wine and victuals."

The maid departed, and the Doge's daughter sank into a luxurious chair and collected her thoughts.

She had not long to wait, for Fiamma returned with a platter of solid silver, upon which were viands fit for the repast of a queen. Sylva bent forward and looked at them. If she had hoped to recognize the ownership of the palace by any marks on the goblets and silverware, she was doomed to disappointment. Whilst the service was as rich as that of the ducal palace, every sign of ownership had been removed therefrom. Fiamma served her in silence, and when, with a gesture, Sylva ordered the table cleared, the girl obeyed.

"Return when you have restored the service to the pantry," she said.

Five minutes later the door opened, and the Doge's daughter was again confronted by the girl.

"Close the door!" commanded Sylva, who noticed that it had been left ajar.

Fiamma made no motion to obey. With the quickness of a cat, Sylva sprang across the chamber, and, despite Fiamma's resistance, closed the portal.

"Think you that I am to remains here, the captive of your master?" she exclaimed. "Disrobe in yon room!" she went on, pointing to the small but gorgeous sleeping chamber near at hand. "You shall be Sylva Faliero for a time, and I will be Fiamma."

"What!" cried the maid, drawing back. "I will not submit. It means the Lagoon for me."

"It means more than that for me, if I remain here," was the reply. "Into the boudoir, girl," and there leaped from the speaker's bosom a stiletto, at sight of which Fiamma uttered a cry of terror.

"This for thy heart, girl, if I am disobeyed!"

Biting her lips and pallid with fear, Fiamma slipped into the chamber, and Sylva watched her. It required but a few minutes for the two to exchange garments, and Sylva discovered that Fiamma's clothes fitted her as though they had been fashioned for her figure.

"You make a good looking Sylva!" she cried, with a merry laugh, while Fiamma was staring at the metamorphosis. "Really we must have been under the same star. Whence camest thou girl?"

"From Cyprus."

"A war captive?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And thou wouldst like to go back to the lemon groves of thy native land?"

"I dream of them nightly," answered Fiamma, with a deeply drawn sigh.

"Remain here for several hours after I am gone, and the lemon groves will again welcome thee."

"But my master?"

"There are hands in Venice stronger than his. I care not what his rank or station is. You will lock the door behind me, Fiamma."

"Yes, lady."

"You will raise no alarm till St. Mark has struck three hours from now."

"I'll remember."

With another look at the girl, Lady Sylvia crossed the room, surveying her figure in the great mirror as she did so, and opened the door.

No one was in sight. She heard a lock click behind her. In front of her was a wide staircase, and she went to it and looked down. Her heart for a moment failed her when she perceived at the bottom a man in a strange livery. Taking the stilletto from her bosom and slipping the blade up her flowing sleeve, she mastered all her nerves and tripped down the steps. As she neared the man, who stood in the shadow, she averted her face.

"Ho!" cried the guard, in tones that sent a thrill to her heart. "How fares the fly in the golden web, girl?"

"Very well," was the reply.

"Wants her freedom, eh? Come, girl, a kiss before you flit from Godolpho's presence."

He threw out his hands to detain her, but Sylva slipped, as it were, through his fingers, and sped away. Down the marble-walled corridor she flew, the peril that still menaced lending speed to her feet. She seemed to hear the footsteps of the guard behind her, though he had not deserted his post. On, on she went, being familiar with the usual interior of palaces, and presently she came out upon the broad staircase which overlooked the opaline waters of the great Lagoon.

A gondolier was half dozing in a barge and Sylva, hesitating not, sprang aboard and wakened him. The fellow looked up, and stared in speechless amazement.

"Away!" cried the Doge's daughter. "Slip your moorings and obey me."

The man hesitated.

"Whom do you serve?" asked Lady Sylva.

"No man but myself, and I am Giovanni."

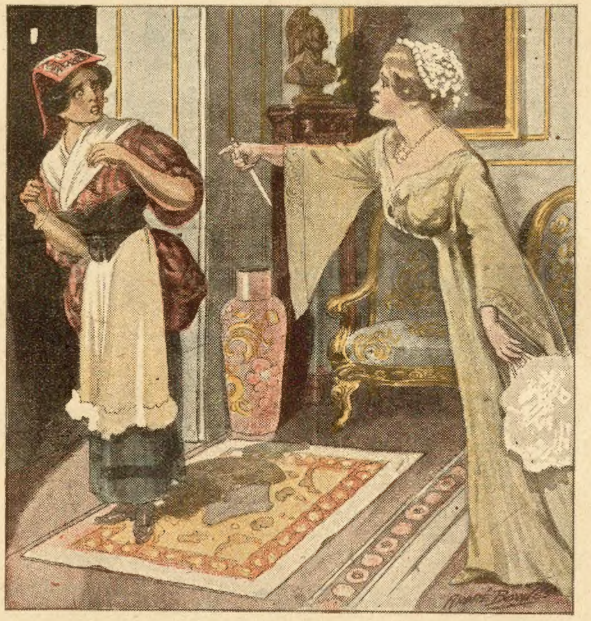
"And I am Faliero's daughter!"

"You? Why, you are but a maid's servant!" laughed the gondolier.

Sylva threw back her sleeve, and displayed a bracelet engraved with the ducal monogram. The man bowed. Without more ado he slipped his moorings, and the fugitive entered the covering on the deck. She felt the boat rocking on the waters of the Lagoon. The boat glided in and out among the gondolas that seemed to be everywhere, and before long her eyes caught sight of the familiar walls of the ducal palace.

"I'll ennoble thee, Giovanni!" she exclaimed, as she sprang upon the great staircase. "If they ask if you carried Lady Sylva, lie like a bravo; the saints will pardon you."

The gondolier stared and doffed his plumed cap. He saw the girl bound up the marble steps gleaming in the sunlight, a door opened and closed, and she was gone!



"Into the boudoir, girl!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

The ponderous door of the ducal palace had scarcely clanged behind the Lady Sylva, ere a woman's voice rang through the corridor, and Bianca, the maid, recoiled with astonishment.

"My mistress! From the dead!" she exclaimed.

"Not from the dead, girl," was the reply. "Out of the den of the bat instead."

The Doge's daughter went direct to her apartments, followed by the maid, whose astonishment had not decreased, and on the threshold she paused and waited for an explanation.

"My father?" asked Sylva.

"The great master has raged like a lion. He has accused you——"

"Of what?" broke in the beautiful Venetian.

"Of flying to your English lover."

Lady Sylva tossed her head haughtily.

"For once the Doge was at fault," said she. "When I fly to him, there will be no secrecy."

"Save by yourself Bianca, my homecoming has been unperceived. Let it continue to be so."

"I will obey, my lady."

"This is the Doge's birthnight?"

"Aye, and the nobles of Venice are to flock to the palace to feast with my august master."

"Let them come!"

"They are to bring their wives," explained Bianca. "The beauty of the Republic will grace the ducal board tonight."

All that day preparations went on for the great ducal feast. Gondolas unshipped their treasures of feasting at the foot of the grand staircase, and there was bustle among the hundreds of liveried retainers, all of whom were merry with song as they carried the viands into the gorgeous building.

Marino Faliero was seated in his apartments. Before him stood Duke Salva, captain of the ducal guard.

"What news of the Englishman?" inquired the Doge, as a cloud swept across his pale countenance.

"None at all, your Serenity. We have ransacked Venice, but the Briton has not yet fallen into our snare."

"Peste!" was the reply. "Have your spies become useless, Duke?"

Salva swallowed his chagrin.

"My daughter, who has gone to him, is still missing. Where you find her, you will find the British dog."

"It is quite likely."

"Go back to the hunt. Iron nor steel shall keep my vengeance from him!"

The Duke bowed and vanished.

Faliero's gaze sought the spot where he had seen the iron dagger and his own initials traced in the gout of blood. His gaze darkened.

"Perchance there will sit at my board tonight the villain who sent the bravo hither," said he. "His hand may raise the globlet and his lips toast me, whilst he gloats over his treason."

He moved across the chamber and looked from a window upon the beauties of the city of the Doges. In the harbor lay the vessels of many nations, for Venice was at the height of her glory, and her greatness had spread over all the world. A smile flitted across his face when he proudly realized that he was master of all this scene, that he had reached the pinnacle of power, yet was seeking more. Not far away stood the palace in which the Council of Ten worked in secrecy, sending out its spies and striking in the dark, not even sparing a Doge if he displeased them.

The warning stiletto was fresh in his mind. He knew that he was under the ban of the terrible Ten, that the steel had been sent to warn him, that not even he, with all his greatness, could finally escape the blow. All at once his lips curled haughtily.

"If they can strike, why not Faliero?" he exclaimed. "Why can I not strangle this conspiracy? I can banish from my heart the child of my old age. Then why not kill this cabal as the lion kills the jackals that yelp at his heels?"

He returned to his chamber. A more beautiful night had never thrown its starry pall over the Queen of the Adriatic. The turquoise sky of day had been succeeded by that soft curtain of azure which rendered Venice as lovely as when the sun shone in uninterrupted splendor.

As the night deepened, gaily decorated barges glided to the grand staircase and unloaded their cargo of richly dressed humanity. The lords and ladies trooped up the marble steps and entered the palace.

All Venice was celebrating the birthday of the great Doge. In the poorest hovels there was rejoicing, and among the palaces that lined the canals men and women toasted the Doge in the richest wines which had come from every quarter of the globe.

At a given hour Marino Faliero, arrayed in his gorgeous ducal robes, entered the banquet hall. There was no sign of distraint on his face. He looked the great ruler he was, but deep in his heart, in spite of himself, he thought of two things—of the conspiracy against him and of his only child.

He was received by the great company which had assembled. Guards stood at the foot of the onyx staircase, which led into the hall of feasting, all armed and in armor. They looked like statues carved by master hands from some unknown material, for the sculptors of Venice at that time had no equals.

A roar of applause greeted Faliero. His eagle eye ran over the assemblage, as he advanced to the head of the table and bowed stiffly in response to the greeting. He saw there Raphael Sforza, he beheld others who secretly bore him no friendship, and he saw ladies who would have strangled him to lift their lords to the ducal throne.

It was not long before the banquet was at its height. The ladies looked around for Lady Sylva, and seeing her not, turned to Faliero with a mute question in their eyes. What had become of the beautiful daughter of the great Doge?

Faliero vouchsafed no reply to the looks which he well understood.

"To the master of the island world!" rang out the voice of Sforza, as he lifted his goblet.

"To Marino Faliero, the greatest of the ducal line!" came the response from fifty throats.

The toast was drunk, and Faliero immediately filled his glass.

"To Venice, mistress of the sea!" he exclaimed. "May her power grow till the whole world acknowledges her as the patron of art and commerce and the home of beauty!"

The feast went on. Far into the night it continued, till the stars dimmed above the city and the lordly waters of the Lagoon slept under the starry arch.

"What shall be the toast at parting?" cried a young nobleman, as he looked around.

A strange silence fell over the festal board.

"Aye, my lords and ladies, who will speak the supreme toast of the night?" spake Faliero.

"I will!"

It was a voice which had not yet been heard during the feast. It rang out clear and thrilling from above the feasters. All turned in the direction of the grand staircase, and every eye became fixed upon some thing there. Midway on the flight stood, in all her beauty and splendid robes, the Lady Sylva. A chased goblet was held above her head.

"Long life to Marino Faliero! Eternity to Venice!" she cried. "May the great Doge live to see his enemies perish like dogs and the House of the Bat become a heap of rubbish!"

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

It Was Easter Morning.

He was a fat man, seated about the middle of the car. He weighed all of 250 pounds, and he was so troubled with asthma that he wheezed like a broken-winded horse. After wheezing off some of the surplus he said:

"Never as long as I live shall I forget Easter of last year. I had been in Switzerland for a month, and three days before Easter, while climbing the Matterhorn by myself, I fell into a fissure, about fifty feet deep. I struck on soft snow and was not injured, but I speedily realized thta my death must come from cold and starvation. No one would look for me. In that dark and gloomy depth my life must go out."

A butcher, who was one of the listeners, gave a shiver, and the fat man was encouraged to go on.

"I yelled. I screamed. I shouted. Finally my voice became only a whisper. For hours and hours I was like one demented. The night came down. I cannot remember how I passed it. The next day was spent in vainly shrieking for help. Cold? Why, gentlemen, the coldest day ever experienced was balmy compared to it. The day went by and the night came. How I lived through that night heaven only knows."

"You must have thought of hot Scotches," said the butcher as he shivered again.

"When the next day dawned," continued the fat man without giving the other's words any attention, "I felt that my last day on earth had come. I was eating one of my rubber boots and bidding farewell to earth, when I happened to glance down and there lay a lady's hairpin. Hope flooded into my heart. In a moment I had one of my socks off and was unraveling it. When I had a strand long enough to reach to the top of the cliff I made one end fast to the hairpin, gave the pin a toss and was presently assured that it had caught on some obstruction. To climb out was but the work of a moment, and as I reached the world above the church bells were just ringing in Easter day."

For a long minute no one spoke. Then the butcher turned to the other listeners and said:

"Gentlemen, I move that this caucus do now adjourn."

THE BARON'S REVENGE;

Or, THE CASTLE'S GHOST

By PIERRE DASTARAC

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CHAPTER XI.

THE NEXT MORNING.

WITH the first rays of dawn, Antoinette, who had been unable to sleep, arose and dressed, and then went out on the terrace, where she felt she could breathe more freely. All night the girl had been oppressed by a nameless dread, which she hated to admit even to herself. She certainly did not believe in ghosts, yet she was afraid. From the next room—the door of which opened into hers and had been left ajar by common consent—came the regular breathing of the Duchess. Hearing this, Antoinette envied, for perhaps the first time, her friend's shallow nature. Nothing had the power to disturb Renee, not even the possible shadow of death hanging over their relative; yet the night before she had appeared the more credulous of the two, claiming she could not sleep a wink.

Once, during the night, it had seemed to Antoinette that a muffled cry of agony and terror had torn the silence, but as this was not repeated, she had thought that her nerves were overwrought, and that her imagination had created that call of terror, which for a time had almost caused her heart to cease its beatings.

Once without, in the fresh light of the new day, her fears and misgivings seemed to leave her, and leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, she watched the rising sun coming up in golden splendor about the trees of the park. Suddenly she was recalled to the reality of things by Armand's voice close to her, saying:

"What! Up already, Lady Maintland?"

She turned, half-startled. The young man was standing few feet from her, gazing with evident admiration upon the picture the girl made in her simple morning gown, which brought out the dainty lines of her slender figure.

"I could not sleep," she admitted, frankly, "so I came out here to watch the sun rise."

"Neither could I," answered Armand, becoming suddenly grave. "In spite of myself, I could not help but strain my ears for any call which might come from the haunted room. I know it was foolish, but I could not help it. Baron de Lasouche's story had impressed me."

"Did you hear anything?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, I can't really say I did, but once, about two o'clock, I thought I heard a cry of intense agony or fright. I arose, lit the light, and dressed, going out into the hallway which leads to the left tower. Listening, I waited for over half an hour. Not a sound came to disturb the heavy silence, and I returned to my room, ashamed and angry with myself for having given credit to the foolish folk-lore and superstitions of the past. I don't suppose you heard anything, Lady Maintland?"

"On the contrary," she answered, uneasily, "I heard that call."

"You did?" They looked at each other. "Did you make note of the hour?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes," she answered, "it was five minutes of two by my watch."

Again there was a silence; then Antoinette said, hesitatingly:

"Would it not be wise to go and inquire how Lord Winters spent the night?"

"I thought of that, but it is so early that I was afraid of appearing ridiculous."

"I don't think it would seem so; besides, if Lord Winters answers us, we could say that we were carrying out the joke. To be candid, Count, I am anxious, and would be glad to relieve my anxiety."

"Then let us go at once," said Armand.

They turned to leave the terrace, but paused suddenly as they found themselves face to face with the hunchback. He greeted them with a smile, saying in cheerful tones.

"Out to see the sun rise? I admit the temptation is great. We do have beautiful dawns in the South. Nothing like the pale imitation of your Northern skies, Lady Maintland."

The young people looked at Le Bossu in wonder. A great change had come over him during the night, a change they sensed rather than saw, for he was as deformed as ever, yet the feeling of repulsion, which unconsciously came to one with the first glance, had vanished. He was now a kindly old, man, with a gentle face and soft eyes. The reason for this change was that, with the punishing of the last victim of his life-long vengeance, the mantle of hatred, which had enwrapped him for years, had fallen from him, and the aura of his thoughts no longer sent out its disagreeable emanations of revenge and hate. Nereje was avenged, and the Baron de Lasouche could once more enjoy life as others did, for what he had done the night before had left no remorse—simply the sense of a duty accomplished. Seeing that they did not answer him, he continued, addressing Anoinette.

"Did you rest well, Lady Maintland?"

"No," she answered, trying to smile. "I could not help worrying over Lord Winters. It was so foolish of him to attempt sleeping alone in the haunted room in the condition he was last night".

"Lady Antoinette and I heard, or thought we heard a call for help, during the night, and when you came up, we were going to awaken Lord Winters to make inquiries," added Armand.

"What! Then you, too, heard the cry!" exclaimed the hunchback, with assumed astonishment.

"Do you mean that you heard a call for help also?" asked Antoinette, her face growing white with emotion.

"Yes, but I did not think much of it, for it was the usual call of the ghost. I have heard it many times before. I arose, however, and went out into the hall, thinking that perhaps Lord Winters had been disturbed by the moan of agony, but as he did not come from the room, I judged that he was sleeping, too soundly to have overheard anything. He had, as you know, taken enough during the evening to insure undisturbed sleep."

At this moment Sir John joined them. His face was grave and anxious. Without even greeting them, he said hurriedly:

"Baron, I fear there is something wrong with Winters. Having heard an unearthly cry, during the night, I was unable to sleep again. So early this morning, I determined to set my fears at rest by going to his room and inquiring how he was. I can get no answer, though I have knocked and pounded on the door loud enough to waken a dead man. It is locked from the inside, and I was unable to open the door."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Antoinette, in horror, while Armand said, as he walked toward the left wing:

"We must force the door open and see."

The hunchback stopped him. "Wait Armand, we must not do anything rash. If something has happened—and I am beginning to fear there has—it must be the police of F——, not any of us, who enter the room!"

"Then you think he is dead!" cried Lady Maintland, frightened by the solemn faces around her.

"I don't think anything for the present. We must again try to arouse Winters. If we fail, we must notify the police."

The three men followed by the trembling girl, hurried to the door of the haunted room, and knocked and called vainly, no answer coming back to them but the dismal echo of the knocks and calls down the resounding corridors. After a time they ceased knocking, looking at one another with anxious eyes, the same thought coming to all. Only the deaf ear of death could have failed to hear them. The hunchback was the calmest of the four, and he spoke first, saying:

"The police must be notified at once. Armand take the automobile and drive to F—— for the authorities."

"Then you think he is dead!" cried Antoinette, in horror.

"Either that, or too ill to move," answered the hunchback.

"But if he is sick, is it not taking chances to wait longer before going to him?" asked Antoinette.

"The village is only two miles away, Lady Maintland, and with an automobile can be reached in less than five minutes, requiring the same time to return. The police can be here in fifteen minutes. If your brother were not in the castle, I might take the risk of breaking in the door myself. As it is, I dò not think it wise."

"What has my brother's presence to do——?"

"This much Lady Maintland. He is the next in line to the title, and the French police are very suspicious. He might be troubled, even arrested on suspicion and kept in jail for days, if anything happened to Lord Winters during the night."

"Oh!" broke from Antoinette, as she suddenly understood, but the hunchback, without heeding the exclamation, continued to give his orders to Armand.

"Don't lose a minute, Armand. It might be well to bring up a doctor with the police. He may only be ill."

Armand and Maintland hurried away. Then the Baron, turning to the white and trembling girl, by his side, said very gently:

"You had better go to your room, Lady Maintland. I will have something sent up to you. It might be wise to awaken Madame de Brials before the police arrive. They may want to question her with the rest, and it will be better to give her nerves time to become quieted down, for I do not believe she would show the self-control you have."

"Oh, no! Renee is of a very excitable nature."

"So I thought. Better prepare her then, in case something has happened."

Talking thus, they had returned to the main part of the castle, and the hunchback, seeing how pitifully white and trembling the girl was, in spite of her apparent calm placed his hand almost tenderly on her shoulder, as he said, gently:

"Don't worry, Lady Antoinette. We may all be mistaken, and nothing unusual may have occurred during the night. Lord Winters may still be sleeping soundly, and not have heard the calls."

"You say that, but you don't believe it," said Antoinette pleased, without knowing why, that the hunchback should take an interest in her. Her repulsion toward him had entirely vanished, and in its place had come a deep and, to her, unexplainable affection. Was it that her soul had sensed that man was the father of the man she loved? Who can tell? The mystery of our subconscious life, in which we see with the eyes of spirit, is yet unexplained to our mortal senses, though through its power we know intuitively many things cold reason could never explain.

"I only wish that it had been I, instead of Lord Winters, who slept last night in the haunted room," answered Le Bossu. Then, having arrived at the door of the girl's room, he added, abruptly: "I will have something sent up to you at once," and he was gone.

When Antoinette awakened the Duchess, who was still sleeping peacefully, and told her what they feared, the excitable little woman nearly went into hysterics, and for a while Antoinette had all she could do to calm her. After a time, however, she became calmer, and she lay on the bed, moaning:

"And to think I slept like that, and din't hear anything—I, who had determined to stay awake to hear the ghost!"

Antoinette, in spite of the gravity of the situation, could not help smiling at this remark, which expressed greater regret at having missed something than sorrow for the man who was supposed to be dead in the haunted room. But she did not long indulge in her amusement, for the next minute she said:

"Renee, don't you think you had better dress before the police arrive?"

"The police!" The little Duchess fairly leaped out of bed. "Are they coming? What for? What have we done?"

"Nothing, of course, but Monsieur de Lasouche has sent for the authorities before he will allow any one to break in the door."

"Then you are not sure that Winters is dead."

While talking, the Duchess was dressing rapidly, yet with her usual care, the excitement of the moment not making her forget that she was a pretty woman, fond of admiration, even if it was only the admiration of a country chief of police and his assistants.

"We are sure of nothing, but everything indicates that he is."

"And you think the ghost killed him!" This in an awed whisper.

"I have had time to think of nothing as yet, Renee. My thoughts are in such confusion that thinking is impossible."

A knock at the door startled both, but Antoinette, braver than her companion, went to open it. It was a servant with their breakfast. They merely drank a cut of hot coffee; then, being dressed, they went out on the terrace to watch for the return of the automobile. The hunchback was nowhere to be seen, but when the automobile came in sight, the two women saw him rise from a bench, partly concealed in a cluster of shrubery, and hasten to the gate, which he opened.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CASTLE'S GHOST.

One the way from F—— to the castle, Armand de Ravelle had explained the situation to the chief of police, who had come out in person, with two of his assistants and the doctor. Therefore, he had only to introduce Le Bossu to the officer. The man gave a start of surprise when the heard the name. This hunchback, whom all had shunned, bore one of the oldest names in France. When the formality of the introduction had been accomplished, the Baron said:

"Monsieur, I believe there is not a minute to lose in ascertaining what is the cause of Lord Winters' nonappearance and his failure to answer our calls and knocks. He may be ill and in need of assistance. If you will follow me, I will show you the way."

The procession started down the hall toward the haunted room, the two women looking after them with blanched faces. When they reached the door, the hunchback paused, and handing a key to the the chief of police, said:

Monsieur, here is a key which can open the door, if Lord Winters has not left his in the lock."

The chief of police took the key and tried to get it in the lock, but it would not enter.

"It is as I feared," remarked the hunchback, calmly. "He left his key in the lock."

"Then we must break in the door," suggested the officer, having vainly tried to arouse the occupant of the room.

"I doubt if this can be done without the use of explosives," answered Le Bossu. "That door has stood the test of time. Nothing short of an earthquake could budge it."

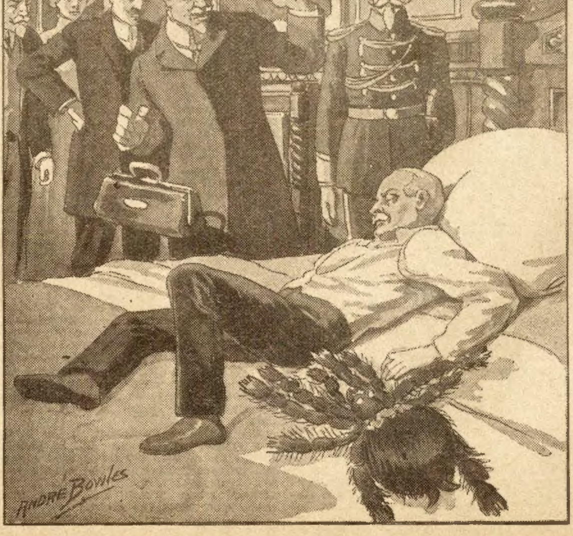
"Then, what are we to do!" asked the chief of police. "We must certainly enter the room."

"We can get in from the outside, by breaking the lock of one of the shutters."

"Very well, let us hasten.

Ten minutes later, a shutter having been forced open, the party entered the room. Le Bossu, knowing the presence of the spider at large in the room, watched over his son narrowly, remain-

(Continued on page sixteen.)



There was the famous castle's ghost.

OUT WEST STORIES

BEN PLEVIN'S WIFE

By Bertha Seavey Saunier

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A SOUND of feet on the porch might have presaged a child's entrance to the tidy kitchen. It might mean that Jack Motter was back early from the tile-laying in the back pasture bottom-lands, which were nearly a mile from the house on the Diamond farm.

Jeanette, sitting in a low chair busily paring potatoes for the hearty evening meal, blushed a startling red at the bare possibility of Jack's unexpected return to the house, and half rose as she turned to justify her emotion, only to spring forward with a flare of gingham apron at the intruder.

"Shoo! Git out—nasty thing! Git off my clean porch, you Bill-ee." The goat clattered down the steps obediently, and Jeanette resumed her paring, her cheeks fading to their pink tints, her eyes brooding with sudden tenderness over the tubers.

"Ah, Jack, me boy," she whispered, "I can't do it—no, Jack, dear—there's the end of it fer ye—I'm married to Ben, I am—bad 'cess to me fer the luck I've had the while, an' him gone this three year. I can't, Jack."

Jeanette's blue eyes shone with sudden tears of self-pity. Was Ben never to come back, then? Was he never to write? It was no easy task to fill in the time cooking for a shoal of lusty men who had too many good-natured flings about the "long absent one" that made her cheeks burn with mortification, though she managed to give them an answer as ready and witty as it was loyal to the absent Ben.

"There! I'm ashamed of the likes of me settin' here with me eyes that wet," she said. One tear dropped into the potato pan and the other remained on the white lids that were fringed heavily with black lashes. Jeanette was pretty—pink and white and dimpled—though her hands were red and rough with hard labor, which began at dawn and lasted until bedtime. Her heavy black hair hair waved softly away from the white forehead, and lay in an untidy but abundant coil on her white neck. Her hands, in spite of their daily toil, were yet of youthful shapeliness, and her bare, plump arms tapered perfectly to the wrists. All the men admired Jeanette, and much of their banter over the absent Ben was tempered with wistful glances not to be lost on the quick-witted Irish girl, who would have nothing of them. But Jack Motter was one out of many. He was almost irresistible. No woman looking upon his coaxing smile, his soft black eyes, his ruddy manhood, his helpful manner, would turn away coldly repelling him. Jeanette could not. And once, when her heart was sore perplexed, he had said:

"My girl, don't wear out your heart a-waitin' fer Ben. I know some fellers are mighty undifferent toe-wards the women folks. They're right queer—believe me. It's out of sight, out of mind that's them. I ain't wishin' Ben no ha'm—not me. But you'd best forget him, Jeanette." His coaxing eyes took in her red lips until she blushed guiltily.

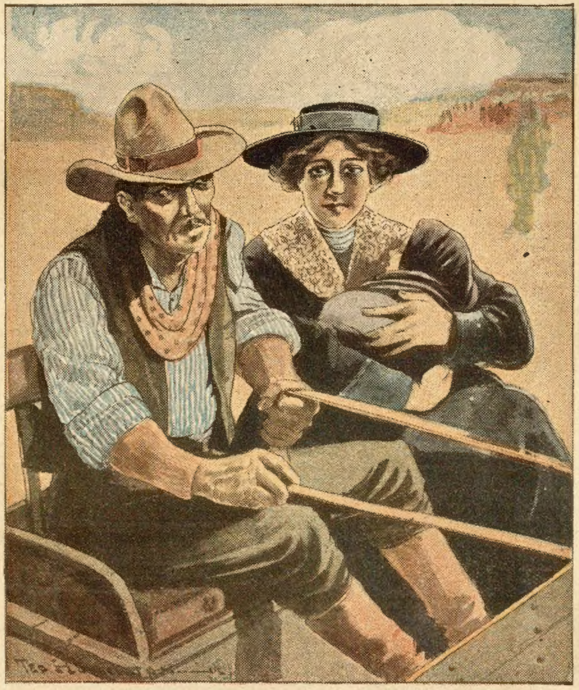
"Ben ain't that way," she declared, loyally. "If he was livin' an' able, he'd send fer me, I know that, sure, I do; an' if he know'd about his kid, little Ben, there, why, wild horses wud never hold him back, he's so proud o' himself, is Ben."

At which Jack could but shake his big head in a perplexed manner, running his fingers through his short thick hair, as if to ferret out the secret of Ben's long silence by this means."

"Well, my girl," he said reluctantly, "mebbe you are right—mebbe Ben's the right sort, but livin' or dead, he can show me. But if he ain't livin', then Jeanette—if he ain't——" Jack's coaxing eyes said the rest.

"I can't think of nobody but my Ben," she answered, huskily, torn with the fascination of Jack's smile and her loyalty to the absent.

There was gratefulness in her glance. He was so manly, was Jack Motter, so ready with his two hands to help a girl about her work—so strong and genial and handy. How the great stacks of dishes melted under his touch, when he lent his aid after the men had gone out to smoke on the porch. It was like having Ben home to find the fire stoked, the water bucket filled, the eggs brought from the barn, and often, when little Ben had fallen asleep on the floor, Jack had carried him upstairs to his bed, saving her the trouble of it. He was like a father to the child, and him not setting eyes on his father since he was born.



"Plevin, he iss seek a-plenty—he iss needin' his woman."

Somewhere, out in the great West, Ben was hoarding money. He would send for his wife when he had enough. This was her daily persuasion. But days and weeks and months slipped past without a sign from him. So her hope seemed vain, and the time spent in waiting worse than wasted. Jeanette had shed tears over his silence. With her misgivings came the long warm days of toil, endless in number; then, with the nights long and cold, the frost thick on the window-pane, and little Ben ill with croup, her frightened heart cried out, praying for the father's care and solicitude for his child. It was always Jack who took the father's place, and filled her with shy, but fervent gratitude. It was then, after the danger was past, when the house would be silent in sleep, or empty of the noisy men, that she gave up to despair.

"Oh, God, how long will he be stoppin' away from he? Will he ever come? An' whin will he come? An' him not knowin' he has as fine a boy as ever stepped out o' Heaven—bless his swate face—him with the brown eyes like his father," she prayed, the tears drying on the black lashes and her hands clasped over the child's plump body.

And now three years were gone. Little Ben was walking and talking when Jack first came to the Diamond farm to lay tile in the back pasture bottom-lands.

"Ben is dead—he must be dead," she whispered, her lips on the soft hair of the child and her eyes hardening drearily in a far-away look. Jack, appearing unexpectedly, caught the look of hopeless waiting.

"Believe, me," he said earnestly, putting a hand on her shoulder, "Ben's dead, my girl—he must be. If he isn't dead, he'd write to ye what he's doin' an' why he's keepin' ye waiting. It must be so, fer to my mind no man could stay away from the sight of ye, let alone the handsome boy's pretty face."

Jeanette answered him this time with a silent assent to his reasoning.

"If Ben is dead," he added, "ye'd be wantin' a husband to yer likin,' I doubt not, an' who would be the man ye'd choose, my girl? Sure, I'm only askin' a sensible question—who'd ye choose, now?"

But Jeanette could find no words to make an answer with, and dropped her face on the plump shoulder of little Ben.

More months of waiting followed. The theory of his certain death took firmer hold on the mind of his wife, who regarded Jack Motter's coaxing smile with growing favor. Jack was certainly a comfort to a hard-working girl, and his coaxing eyes and persuasive smile were more than she could resist. At last she yielded to his arguments, which had come to seem so logical, that she put Ben quite permanently out of her thoughts, and they were married.

By this time Jack was section man on a ten-mile strip of railroad between Watertown and Rome, fifty miles from New York, and he had furnished three rooms in Watertown over a barber shop.

Here they lived. Jeanette, relieved of the hard labor at the farmhouse, was content. Jack was radiant. He doted on his home, his pretty wife, and the sturdy little Ben. They were all young together, and looked at the world with young and confident eyes.

"Jack'll be a good father to my little boy, he's that good," Jeanette commented over the hair-brushing process of little Ben one morning, as they were about to do a bit of marketing for the day; this comment being followed by a rapturous squeeze, the mother and child started out. "He's that generous and kind, please God, he shall have a son of his own sometime, to hand his name on and to make him proud," she added, with a conscious blush.

Two seasons had passed since the little home had started, and autumn was throwing out scarlet pennons among the brown foliage of the streets, with here and there spangles and pendants of gold, while along the streams and in the fields the tall goldenrod waved prophetic wands, announcing the approach of winter. Jack was talking of buying a home. He had saved a hundred dollars, he said. And there was a way of buying a house with a small capital, and then making payments in small installments like rent. Jack was a progressive fellow, bound to make good, bound to have rose-hued visions that his thrift and toil would some day bring to material substance.

"There, now, listen to the man," was Jeanette's proud comment, "and me not doing a stroke o' work to help him, except to get him ready a good meal when 'e's hungry. Sure, he deserves to be a rich man," she declared, when he was off to his work and she was left with her simple tasks, "an'—an' a father in 'is own right." She hastily set little Ben among his toys in reply to the postman's knock. "It's like to be a letter fer Jack, he's that clever at writin'," she remarked, openin the door.

"Plevin?"

"Er—yis—sir, that's once me name," Jeanette hesitated, taking a thin and much-traveled envelope from the carrier.

The man departed, while a foreboding of evil news seized upon Jeanette's nimble wits. In sudden nervous fear she tore the paper open, and with eyes blurred with a dread she did not stop to define, managed to get the message:

"White Oaks, N. M.

"Dear Jeanette:—I'm sick and want you to come. Here is a postoffice money order for the fare. Come as quick as you get this—I had hard luck at first, but am fixed good now.

Your affectionate, BEN."

Jeanette's face blanched, while she stared at the paper that fell from her nerveless fingers and lay at her feet. She seemed suddenly turned to stone, with one thought ringing through a pulsing, tortured brain. "Ben—Ben—is living—I'm his wife—his wife—he's my man, Ben is." The words pulsed past in segments so that she almost saw them in print.

"Sure, me name's dishonored," she cried, and sprang up, stung to sudden action with the cruel blow. Hastily she dragged clothing from her closet, and found an old traveling bag, into which she began thrusting her things.

"Ben ain't dead—an' I'm his wife—Ben's my man—not Jack." She found things for the child and pressed them into the fast-filling bag, her quick brain planning for her journey as she worked. She could not weep. There are no tears in stone. And Jeanette felt as if her body were a piece of senseless granite, charged with but one desire, and that was to get away. She must go quickly. She must not see Jack again—Jack, whose name was dishonored with her own, whose home she had entered as his wife, when she had no right to do so.

The thought of Jack's rage, his despair, his frenzied effort to keep her with him, despite the letter and all that it disclosed, made her haste more precipitate. She was determined to be as far away from the place as she could get by the time Jack came home to supper.

"Supper." She halted at the word. "How will Jack get his supper?" She ran over this item as an obstacle trivial in size but vastly important, nevertheless, and started to see what was in the pantry, for she could not recall what was there. It was ages ago since the morning purchases had been made, though the small clock on the bedroom table told her it was but nine o'clock. Ben came crying with a bleeding thumb and a paring knife in one hand, which explained the trouble, but she had no time to give him. Ben was going with her. She would give him her attention when they had fled a safe distance from Jack's house. Yes, there was meat and bread and cakes—of course. She remembered buying them. Why waste the precious moments?

On the train her mind was still in a whirl, but still charged with the mad desire to get away. The letter was left behind. Jack would read it. He would understand that she was going to Ben.

"Ben is my man—Ben is," she whispered, forcing herself to accept the tragic truth, and struggling to put Jack away in the vista of the impossible. This she could not do, of course. The tumult, the bewildering tumult of her mind was terrible. How was it to end—how was her life ever to be righted? She answered little Ben's wondering questions as if in a dream:

"Yes—yes—the choo-choo car—yes—we're goin' ridin' on the choo-choo car—yes, yes, child—yes."

She had forgotten to bring food. She had for herself no need for food; the very thought of it was useless, clogging her flight, and wasting precious time. A bag of popcorn sufficed to satisfy the persistent demands of the child until they reached the great city, where she must take the overland train for the Middle West, there to change the route for Santa Fe. She had the name of Ben's place on a slip of soiled paper, which she held tightly in her fingers. She held it with a desperate clutch, and read and reread the address in an effort to get the name fixed in a mind too shocked and strained to retain anything so commonplace and so prosaic.

"White Oaks Ranch—Santa Fe," was the legend on the paper. She did not ask how long it would be before she could reach Ben. She asked only that the right train be found, and that she be on it with little Ben, and that she keep going, going, going as fast as iron and steam could take her, away and away from the scene of her wrong-doing—away from Jack's hopeless raging, and his possible hazard at keeping her with him, regardless of the truth.

Never for a moment did she find it in her heart to blame Ben for his silence and neglect, to lay the cause of all this havoc of hearts and homes to him, who had long been as one dead. Jeanette was quick of wit, but simple of heart, with a large and generous faith in humanity, and she blamed only herself for being caught in a needless tangle of unintentional guilt, that was to her hopeless, desperately hopeless.

Night fell outside the rattling windows—the long, torturing night, when the bobbing lights of the car took on a bulrred and weird appearance before her strained sight, and little Ben lay asleep in the reclining chair beside her. The porter had kindly arranged it for her, and spread the shawl that Jeanette laid down, hardly knowing that she did so. The child was friendly and good-natured, and received attention from the other travelers, who saw the mother's look of abstraction, and sought to make the journey easy for her. But she confided in no one, except in part.

"I'm bound to pay my man a visit," she explained grimly, when a direct question was put to her. "He's been makin' a home for us, and' now he's sent fer us."

When the change was made for the Santa Fe route, midway in the long journey, she was nearly swooning from weariness. Sleep she had none. But she pressed forward, covering the six days' journey with growing amazement and ever-increasing irritation. She had not dreamed of such distances, such prolonged lengths of travel. A slant- cut trip across a continent had not before appeared to her in its correct meaning, but however wearied she was, there came at last a sense of security. Jack was in the past. The distance of travel had placed him there. She slept a little after that, fitfully getting what she so sorely needed, and forcefully placing her misdeed away, as if she would have it no more before her.

"The boy'll be forgettin' Jack—though he was that good to him, so he was"—she stopped, clutching hastily at her contracted throat— "but won't his own father be amazed to see the likes of him, sure he will," was her whispered comment as they sped forward. The picture of the father meeting his son was easy to form, but her own course of action at that meeting began to trouble her for a solution. How would she tell Ben of the long years—how reveal the truth—how withhold it?

Again her mind grew into a torture of schemes, plots, denials, and assertions. Did she dare tell Ben the truth? She did, and again she did not. If she did tell him, would he cast her out, and take the child from her? She would not tell him, then. Her blue eyes hardened to steel, as they rested on little Ben's rosy face, his chubby form, his dimpled hands. It was her own flesh, her own blood. She would not give him up—come evil, come good. She was too weary and spent with the hard journey to think rationally of what she ought to do, but give up the child she would not, as long as she had life in her body. Of that she was positive.

The last night on the train she slept fitfully, and wakened to the firm resolution to say nothing about Jack when she came to meet her husband.

"Sure, I'll keep it from him," she declared. "It'll be me own secret, and the Lord help me in it, fer He knows I wouldn't do a wrong thing if I had to. And Jack, was that innocent, too, he hadn't a thought of wrong. An' I'll tell Ben I've been that lonesome waitin' fer 'im—bad 'cess to the man—but there! Isn't he me boy's father, an' what can I say ag'in him? An' the surprise that he'll get when he sees as fine a boy as ever stepped." She drew what comfort she could from this line of thought, but yet she dreaded the meeting, and welcomed such delays and minor breakdowns suffered by the train as so much respite snatched from an unkindly fate. But at last, when the train pulled into the depot at Santa Fe, she searched rather eagerly in spite of her dread and doubts, among the faces that were gathered there, for the one she knew was Ben's. There were men a-plenty, too. Men with bronzed faces, men with white and sickly faces, men with the look of outdoor life stamped upon them, and yonder in the background two sisters in the garb of the church stood watching the passengers who got down from the train, as if expecting some one.

Jeanette suffered a pang of envy at sight of them. It were better, she thought, "with no man at all, than too many husbands claimin' a poor girl that never meant anny sin." But there was no time now to spend in useless regrets. She descended from the car and crowded her way through the throng of men and women near the gates, and stood away, where she could look for Ben, or where he might see her, should he be in the place to meet her. Most of the men wore wide-brimmed hats, after the fashion of the Mexican ranger, and Ben would likely wear one too, she thought, as she tried to smooth her travel-roughened hair and to straighten her soiled lace collar under the cheap street jacket that she had removed since leaving Chicago. Setting her bag down, she lifted the child in her arms, for he was fretting for attention.

"I'm unable to see the likes of my man, me boy," she said, dismay creeping into her heart in place of the dread she had felt toward meeting with the long-lost Ben, "an' if I've been travelin' this long way fer nothin', I've give up a good man fer a bad herrin'—an' that's the truth. But I've a bit of money left, me child, an' I'll git me some work to do, here in town."

"Excuse me—iss it Mrs. Plevin—I guess-ss it iss Mrs. Plevin." So spoke a voice close to her elbow.

"I—am M-Mrs. Plevin," stammered Jeanette, turning to face the speaker, who had his hat in his hand and presented a dark head, a pair of black eyes, and a sweeping mustache. She stared her amazement at the sight of him. Little Ben clung to her neck in instant distrust.

"I am Plevin's head man," continued the swarthy fellow, "and I have come to bring you instead of Plevin—he iss seek."

Jeanette drew a quick breath. "Oh, he did say he was sick, sure," she remembered for the first time since receiving the message. It seemed ages ago since she had read it. And this item of Ben's illness had not impresseed her in the least, so shocked had she been at learning that he was alive and had sent for her.

"If she will come thiss way," suggested the man, pointing to the outer entrance of the depot, "I have the ponies ready for the lady. It iss ten miles to the White Oaks Ranch, you will see, senora."

Bewildered at this, but not knowing of anything better to do, Jeanette followed, and was helped into the seat of a buckboard, to which was attached a pair of nervous bronchos. Little Ben seemed to draw the careful attention of the man from the first. Now, when fairly on the way, he ventured to say:

"Iss the child—that iss—the child—Plevin wass not talking about the child—I wass not told——"

"This is Ben Plevin's child—his own lad—mind that, now," asserted Jeanette, finding courage and some small degree of asperity in defending her offspring against the doubtful glances of the fellow.

"S-so? It iss a surprise—Plevin not talk about the child—I wass not told," was the answer from under the wide brim of the hat, as the bronchos sprang into a lope and gallop amazing to little Ben.

Jeanette made no reply. She experienced some wonder as to how and where her strange journey was to end. In her wildest dreams of adventure—and she had but few—she had not supposed her life could embrace a ride of ten miles in a strange country, with a man of this description, a man with a strange accent to his tongue and a wild abandon in his garb and manner.

"I must tell Mrs-s. Plevin," he broke in upon her reverie, when the team had torn a way through the streets of the city and had begun a plunge down a steep roadway (for the city itself seemed built on a table-land, and beyond the confines of it she could see verdant fields and snow-topped mountains and rugged hills), "I must tell Mrs. Plevin that—hey, there Bob—whoa, Bill, eas-sy, now—I haff to tell her that Plevin, he iss seek a-plenty—he iss needin' hiss woman ver' much."

"Oh!" commented Jeanette, giving him a sharp side glance, as he doubled the reins about his hands and drew back hard on them. "And has he been long sick?"

"I must tell—whoa you little devils—whoa-a Bill, you—I must s-say to Plevin's woman that Plevin was sick a long time—whoa-a Bob——"he broke off, apparently having a hard time to control the bronchos, which took the declines in the road by leaps and plunges, "he hass been seek for two year, but not s-so bad as-s now. He send for his-s woman because he thought he haff better luck, mebbe iff he s-send for her, and mebbe he get cured all right."

Jeanette pondered this speech silently. Then, as little Ben nestled against her, she looked at him with a long, wistful gaze.

"Sure, he was keepin' me waitin'—he was a long time writin' to me," she commented, the changing views of the strange country passing unnoted, and Jack's face appearing and vanishing anon, as the road took sudden dips through defiles now wide, now narrow, whose banks were marked by deep, rain-washed wrinkles, and ravines and bullies opened here and there upon stretches of alkali fields, white and barren in the autumn sunshine.

"Yes-s, he say he think he keep her waitin' too long—mebbe he haff better luck iff he do the right thing—so he send her a letter to come."

"An' it was a bit tardy fer him to do it, after the waitnin' he give me," Jeanette reiterated, her impatience rising, as she brooded over what had been done through Ben's neglect.

The bronchos here became again quite a handful, and the man silently gave them his attention. But when the road had reached the level stretch of ground below, where green pastures and glimpses of running streams appeared, he volunteered further information.

"My name Anne—it iss Anne Morros—but Plevin, he laff and he say he call me "Jo" fer short. Plevin hass me fer right-hand man, he say, while he so seek. He hass me for his sheep—he hass a-plenty sheep on White Oaks ranch. Mebbe he get well, now."

"Yes, there's doctors," Jeanette suggested.

"He hass the doctors, but they not cure," was the reply. "He think he get well iff he tell his woman to come."

"Indeed!" was Jeanette's comment, tinged heavily with irony, as her eyes sought the distant flocks of cattle and sheep, grazing upon the vast stretches of verdure smiling in the warm sunshine. She endured a sharp pang of regret that Ben had ever lived to write the letter, but she stifled the thought as best she could, and noticed for the first time that "Jo" was now and then stealing a look of furtive interest at the child she held in her arms. Jeanette tightened her grasp on her boy as he lay so confidingly against her.

"Plevir's kid—he iss a fine leetle fellah," was Jo's remark. "He will learn to mind the sheep—yess-s," he added, as if speaking to the bronchos, and, as they traveled on, coming to other flocks of sheep, showing fleecy and white in the sun, Jo waved his whip toward them.

"They Plevin's sheep," he said, and Jeanette looked with new interest at hundreds of moving objects in the green pastures, ranging freely in droves and apparently unguarded and fenced.

It was a source of great wonder to the wife of Plevin—this wonderful country, with its balmy climate, its beauty of scenery, its sun-kissed mountains and verdant meadows, with strange vegetation growing in desert places. They came, however, to more familiar things. A house, low and apparently of several parts built close together, appeared in the near distance. It had the look of crouching among a clump of trees, in fear of some menace from the sky, and was in a lonely place, miles from a neighbor, but it looked good to a weary traveler. It looked good to Jeanette, in spite of the doubts and fears that assailed her, for here was home for at least a brief season.

"How many sheep has he—has Plevin?" she asked, by way of passing the time and veiling her fears with a forced interest in Ben's affairs.

"Plevin, he haff sheep a-plenty since hiss partner wass killed—I guess ten thousand. Plevin plenty rich, now, so he wants to get cured plenty quick," Jo replied, giving another searching glance at the child in Jeanette's arms. There seemed to be a curiosity other than natural in his interest in the boy. But now they were nearing the house.

In the slanting rays of the late afternoon its windows seemed blinking as if sleepily awaiting nightfall. And some one, leaping upon an animal at the door, whoever it might be, lay close upon the neck of the broncho, as if better to urge theh animal to speed. Jo eyed him with disapproval.

"That fellah, Billy," he muttered, "that fellah, he crazy—he always so crazy—he alway do plenty crazy things—huh!" He drew in his horses as the rider approached.

"Plevin's gone, Jo," the man said, pulling at his hair, with a compassionate glance at Jeanette and the child. "He couldn't hold out no longer—he tried, but he couldn't. He's dead, Jo, on my word of honor he—he's gone."

Jo glanced at Jeanette, whose throat closed convulsively, her voice a husky whisper.

"Mercy be—my Ben! Oh, lordy!" She shuddered and clasped her aching throat to relieve the tension. Something else seemed to draw her close, as if a chain had been wound about her and was now closer, for the brief moment, before it was unlocked and removed.

They went in, Jeanette still clasping Plevin's son in her strong young arms, and found the body as the messenger had said. It was Ben—Jeanette's husband—that lay white and lifeless, his form, once so familiar in the strengh of manhood, now wasted to a shadow, his half-closed eyes fixed and sightless, his thin hands lying forever quiet outside the coverlet.

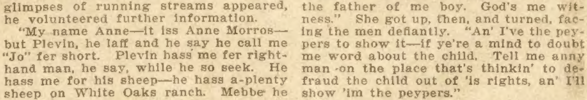
Whatever had been in her heart toward him, Jeanette felt softened as she knelt before him, with his child in her arms, and she fell to trembling and weeping with choking words breaking through her sobs..

"Ye were no kind to leave me so long, Ben, me man," she moaned, "and I've been that hard aga'n ye fer it, but now let the Mother of God give ye peace, an' let her Son give ye salvation," she prayed, with her head bowed upon the bed, and remained sobbing silently for a moment.. "Ben," she continued, "ye're the father of me boy. God's me witness." She got up, then, and turned, facing the men defiantly. "An' I've the peypers to show it—if ye're a mind to doubt me word about the child. Tell me anny man on the place that's thinkin' to defraud the child out of 'is rights, an' I'll show 'im the peypers."

But no one present appeared to have such an intention. She was shown a room where she might rest, and gratefully she placed little Ben on the bed, and threw herself down beside him, not to sleep, but to think what she must do, now that her bondage was lifted and a new emergency had suddenly arisen, calling upon her to face it.

Simple as she was, she was yet clever enough to read treachery in the furtive glances that Jo had given the child while they were riding to White Oaks ranch. She carried this thought with her in the days that followed, and was justified in it by subsequent events, feeling as helpless in the matter of protecting Ben's heir as a lone woman could feel, but still she was not without a resource.

EASTER MORNING: WAKING UP FOR THE FIRST TIME.



"Faith, there's only wan thing I can do—there's only wan thing—only wan thing. With these Mexicans so treacherous and so schemin', they'd be bound to beat me boy out of his rights, to say nothin' of me own. That's them, the treacherous rascals—ye can't trust 'em a minute. So there's only wan thing fer me to do." This she decided, and wrote to Jack that Ben was dead and buried past any further doubt. Then she rode to Santa Fe and posted the letter with her own hands, trusting to no one to do it for her.

"Come," she wrote; "as soon as ye can, fer there's trouble brewin' fer the kid. We've a ranch and ten thousand head of sheep to care fer, what was Ben's, and we want a good man named Jack Motter to look out fer our property."

This letter, of course, was not long in bringing to them the man whose home had been so rudely wrecked only a short time before.

Next week's Out West story will be entitled "The Judgment." It is a particularly strong and dramatic story, by King McCord. If you want to be thrilled and interested, we advise you to read it.

* * *

EASTER WITH CYNTHIA.

We started down the street, Cynthia and I. For a wonder it was a remarkably beautiful morning. The weather man usually fixes things up so that Easter morning is a combination of rain, slush, mud, ice, snow, and everything else disagreeable. But this morning the sun shone bright and the balmiest of balmy winds blew from the south.

"Oh, what a perfectly beautiful Easter," sighed Cynthia. Cynthia, by the way, was looking unusually stunning that morning. "I know the sermon this morning will be a revelation and the music an inspiration."

"And the new Easter bonnets an intoxication, especially to women." I put in.

"Oh, yes," said Cynthia cheerfully. "I expect there will be lots of pretty bonnets there. With all the attempt at making the church a bower of loveliness it would be too bad if the women wore their oldest clothes and their dowdiest hats."

"I know one that didn't," I said.

"Well, you wouldn't want me to, would you?" queried Cynthia.

"I don't want to be a hypocrite," I answered.

"Hypocrite?" asked Cynthia, with her great blue eyes wide open. She does have such pretty eyes, does Cynthia. "How hypocrite?"

"Oh, Cynthia, you know that you are going to church just to show that stunning gown of yours and that becoming new hat, and to look at the other women's hats and gowns, and to have them look at you and go home green with envy because you outshine them so. I doubt if you will be able after church to tell whether there was any sermon or not or whether the choir sang 'Awake, My Soul,' or 'Dear Old Southern Home.'"

"It isn't true," snapped Cynthia.

"But you will know," I went on, for I was determined to awaken Cynthia to a realizing sense upon this beautiful Easter morning, "whether Mrs. Whatshername's dress is tailor made or one of those 'bought things,' as you women call them, and whether Mrs. Thingamabub's gown is new or the same one she wore two weeks ago at Somebodyorother's reception."

"You are provoking,' said Cynthia.

"I wish, Cynthia," I said mildly, "that your mind could be on the lesson of the day and not on fashion's frivolities."

"You would like, then," said Cynthia, "to have me wear plain old clothes to the Easter service?"

I felt much encouraged. Cynthia was serious. "It would be better," I said, "to be dressed in rags and have one's soul overflowing with the spirit of Easter than to wear fripperies that kept one's thoughts away from the great lessons that we should imbibe upon this day," I answered.

"I suppose you are right," said Cynthia, slowly. "But come, walk with me back to the house. I have forgotten my prayer book."

Ah, the leaven was working. I had at least taken her mind off her clothes long enough to remind her of her prayer book. But I did not exult. It is not right after convincing a frivolous minded young person of her sins to crow over them. We walked back to the house in silence. I knew Cynthia was thinking over what I had said and it was well to let her ponder, for I flatter myself I had let fall a good many gems of truth. I smoked in the library while Cynthia went upstairs after her prayer book. When she came down I stood aghast. She had on an old rainy day suit with short skirt and a hat that was two years old.

"Cynthia," I gasped. "What madcap freak is this?"

"It's the nearest to rags I've got," said Cynthia. "Come, we shall be late to church."

I had to fairly go down on my knees to make Cynthia go back and change into her Easter suit. I wish women were not so illogical.

SNARING MAIDEN FEET;

Or, RUTH HOLME'S STRUGGLE

By ALFRED B. TOZER

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CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

AT THE Shannon street morgue the Sunday editor and the reporter met what the latter described as "a facer."

Millaley, an old friend of Harley's, was at the desk, and greeted him with a cheerful "Good morning, Old Scout!"

"What are you doing out at this time of day?" he continued. "It is only noon, and your luxurious habits usually keep you in bed until almost night."

"And keep me up until almost morning, too," laughed Harley. "You city officials are the boys for the luxuries of life."

"Sure," laughed Millaley, "and they're all nice boys, and they live to good old ages and never resign. You couldn't separate one of us from a job with an ax."

"We've taken a contract to separate a precinct captain, a desk sergeant, a detective-sergeant and a patrolman from their jobs," grinned Harley, turning to the Sunday editor. "Say, Bob," he added, "shake hands with George Ransom, our Sunday editor. He's all right when you consider that he is light in the head."

The two grinned at the odd introduction and greeted each other cordially, while Harley walked to the door and looked out into the cold, dim room where the bodies of such unfortunates as had been brought there the night before lay in their refrigerating cases. Presently he turned back with a shudder and stood beside a sizzling radiator.

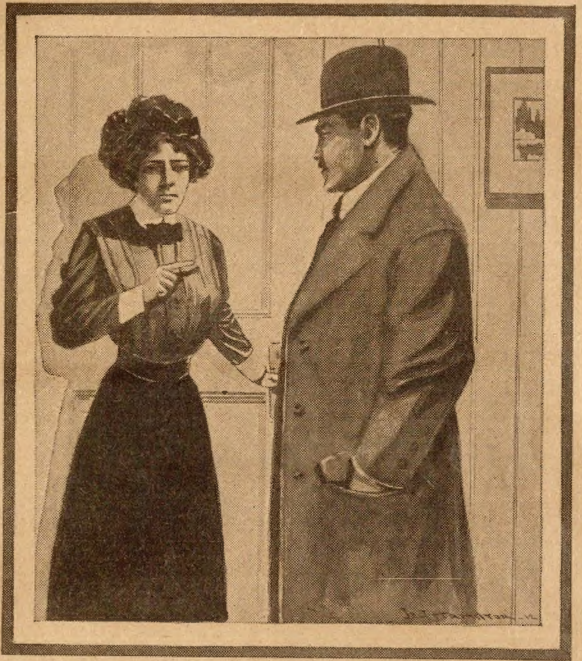
"Where's the dead man they brought in last night?" he asked.

"Which one?" asked Millaley, opening a record book.

"Holme—Malcolm Holme," answered Harley. "Found starved or frozen on the street last night and brought here."

"What we want especially to know," Ransom interrupted, "is whether any one has been here this morning to see the body. It would be a young girl, we think," he added, "and our purpose in making the inquiry is to get track of her."

"She's the daughter of the dead man," Harley said, then, "and alone in the city. We thought some one ought to arrange for the funeral and look after the girl a bit. She is too pretty to be adrift in this man's town. The wolves might get her."



"If you do, I'll put you on the hummer for fair!"

Millaley closed the book he had opened, tossed it back on his desk, whirled in his swivel chair, and regarded the two men oddly.

"What sort of a joke is this?" he asked.

"Joke?" repeated Ransom.

"Yes. What are you boys givin' me?"

"Say, Bob," Harley broke out, "what's the mind absent for so early in the day? Got those funny little birds in the belfry? We're asking about Malcolm Holme, found dead on the street last night and brought here. Unwind!"

Millaley turned to Ransom with an inquiring look.

"What's comin' off here?" he asked.

Ransom made no reply. There was something in the strange attitude of the clerk that he could not at all comprehend.

"Didn't they bring Holme here?" demanded Harley.

"Yes," replied the clerk, "they brought him here and took him away again."

"Oh," ejaculated Harley. "They took him away again, did they? Why did they take him away again, and who is it you call 'they?'"

"The police took him away," answered the clerk.

"Why?" asked Ransom.

"Because he was not dead. We don't furnish quarters for live men here."

"No, not even in the "front office!" grinned Harley. "Nothing but dead ones here. Well, the coroner said Holme was dead last night."

"Yes; the coroner said he was dead last night," Millaley replied, taking no notice of the reporter's reference to "dead ones" in the front office, "and a hospital man took him away. I wasn't here of course, but I'm told the man had been stunned by a fall. Anyway, he showed signs of life five minutes after they brought him here."

"Is there a record of the case?" asked Harley.

"Where did they take him?" asked Ransom. "Was it known to any one save the police and the morgue attendant that he was taken to a hospital?"

"One question at a time," laughed the clerk. "First, there is no record of the case. Second, he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. Third, it was not known outside of official circles that a mistake was made in pronouncing the man dead. The coroner's physician doesn't like to admit that he is open to mistakes."

"Say, George," Harley exclaimed, as the clerk concluded, "can't you get Bob's picture for the Sunday freak page. Here's an official who actually answers questions courteously without untying red tape."

"Rare case!" admitted the clerk. "When shall you want the photograph?"

"Don't be so fierce about it," Harley advised, "or you'll scare the Sunday editor away. He was reared a pet, and must be handled with kids. Now, dear boy," he went on, "we come back to the original motion. Was there a lady—a young girl—here to see Malcolm Holme this morning?"

"There was a lady here, but I'm sure she wasn't a young girl."

The Sunday editor and the reporter eyed each other with apprehension. Still, there might be some clew in the incident. Who else but one interested in Holme and his daughter would be apt to make inquiries?

"What did she say when informed that Holme was at St. Joseph Hospital?"

"Not a word, but she looked all sorts of questions."

"Did she leave name, or address?"

"Neither. She was here only a second. She came in a taxi and went away in the same expensive buzz wagon."

"What sort of a woman?" asked Ransom. "Can you give us anything like a description of her?"

"I'm afraid not," was the reply. "She did not lift her veil. For women wear heavy veils these days, but this one wore the burlaps face covering. She was well dressed, I thought, and her manner was, well, rather capable—that is, her voice, and walk, and style, you know."

"Now, about the man," Ransom said. "You say he showed signs of life almost immediately after coming here. Do you know whether he talked—whether he regained consciousness so as to ask for friends or relatives?"

"I was told by the night clerk that he only showed signs of life. I think he said, too, that the doctors expected the man to die on the way to the hospital."

Harley went to the 'phone and called up St. Joseph Hospital. After a short conversation with some one there, he hung up the receiver and turned a white and excited face toward Millaley.

"If Holme had died on the way to the hospital," he began, "they would have brought him back here, wouldn't they?"

"Sure."

"And if he was still alive at the hospital the superintendent would know about it, wouldn't he?"

"Of course. What are you getting at?"

Harley did not reply, and both the clerk and the Sunday editor sat waiting with the growing impression that something was amiss.

"Well, he wasn't brought back here, was he?"

The clerk shook his head.

"Be sure now," Harley added, "for he wasn't taken to St. Joseph Hospital. They know nothing about the case there."

"But they must have sent an ambulance for him," insisted the clerk.

SHE QUIT COFFEE

And Much Good Came From It.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally, one day, it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffe, and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal besides.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Peculiar After Effects of Grip This Year.

Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition.

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more serious sickness, such as dreaded Bright's Disease. Local druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50cts. and $1.00. For sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.

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"They deny it. No doctor there knows anything of the case."

"Then where is he?" asked the clerk. "Say, boys," he added, "this thing is getting on my nerves! What the dickens does it all mean?"

"You may search me," Harley replied. "I am beginning to think the world has gone mad! The daughter, Ruth, leaves the police station in a mysterious manner; now the father disappears from the morgue in an equally unaccountable way. What do you make of it, George?" he added, turning to the Sunday editor.

"It is too much for me," was the reply. "Look here," he continued, "the city is one of the defendants in the Holme suits. If the old man wins, some of the handsomest and most valuable park and boulevard grounds will pass into his possession. Now, Captain Preston, of the Shannon street station, is pretty thick with Herman Clark, the attorney who represents the city's interests in the case. Perhaps Captain Preston communicated the fact of Ruth Holme's arrest to Clark last night."

"I begin to smell a mice!" grinned Harley.

"And, suppose Clark learned, also, of the supposed death of Malcolm Holme. What arrangements would he be apt to make for the purpose of keeping the heir to the property and the suit out of the way? And what steps would he be apt to take when he learned that Malcolm Holme was not dead at all, but only suffering from a blow received in a fall—we will be chartiable and call it an accident—and was to be conveyed to St. Joseph Hospital?"

Millaley looked at the two journalists with wonder in his eyes.

"You are supposing a pretty tough case," he said, presently "If the Star prints anything like that the owner will be in libel suits up to its' chin."

"The Star won't print anything of the sort until it has the proof," said Ransom. "We are only feeling our way, but, doesn't it look to you as if the police were into this thing up to their boot straps? As soon as the matron, Mrs. Hilton, gets hold of Ruth Holme, she resigns and goes to parts unknown, leaving no address. But, before going, she turns the girl over to an unknown woman, whose name and address are also unknown."

"It's a plot for a play!" broke in Harley. "Watch me write it!"

"And then Holme comes here, listed as a dead man, and is brought back to life in some unaccountable manner. He is taken away, presumably by an ambulance from St. Joseph Hospital, but really by a wagon of which we know nothing."

"Then this strange woman comes here and inquires for Holme and goes away without a word," Harley added. "I tell you," he went on, "it is all a plot to get rid of the claimants in this case. It looks to me that the defense has set out to murder the father and ruin the daughter."

"It does look like a conspiracy," admitted the clerk.

It is a conspiracy," exclaimed Ransom. "We'll prove it so in the end, but the question is: Where is Malcolm Holme? He may be in the custody of men who will not look too sharply for his recovery."

"If you take my advice," the clerk said, "you'll look after the girl before you do anything else."

"Of course," said Harley.

"Do you think the woman who called here this morning came from Ruth?" asked the clerk.

"I am sure of it," Harley replied. "If we could only find her."

"Wait a minute!"

Millaley sprang to his feet and opened the door leading to the dead room.

"Doherty!" he called.

In response to the summons a giant of a policeman with a great mop of red hair and a pleasant face made his appearance in the doorway leading to the dead room. He seemed muscular and capable physically, but there was a pronounced limp in his walk.

"Doherty," said Millaley, "you were here when the lady called, this morning, and asked about Malcolm Holme?"

"Indade I wor, sor," replied Doherty, in a pleasant voice. "I wor the-re by th' disk, sor."

"I thought so," the clerk continued. "Now, perhaps you can tell me what it was about the lady that attracted your attention to her. You certainly studied her closely every second she was in the room."

"Well, sor," Doherty answered, with a keen glance at the waiting men, "I wor doin' a bit of wonderin' what Madame Graves wor doin' here lookin' afther dead ones. That's not her sort, sor. It's loive wires she's afther."

"Who is Madame Graves?" asked Harley, impatiently.

Doherty glanced at Millaley, and the latter nodded for him to answer the question. He began by facing Harley.

"First," Ransom cut in, "are you sure it was Madame Graves?"

"You know her, then?" asked Harley.

Doherty stood looking form one to the other. He was evidently wondering if they were ever going to give him a chance to tell his story.

"Yes; that is, I know of her," the Sunday editor answered, "but we'll let Mr. Doherty tell what he knows about her in his own way."

"It's little anny won knows of her," Doherty said, "save an' exciptin' that she's a theatrical agent. She imploys chorus girruls f'r the stoige."

Harley gave a low whistle of dismay.

"The matron didn't lose any time, did she?" he asked.

"I wonder how she came to send for Madame Graves?" mused the Sunday editor, turning to Harley, who heard and answered:

"Because such girls as Ruth Holme are in demand in the front rows," he said, "and because theatrical agents are willing to pay small sums to those who send them the right sort of material for the chorus. The police matron was evidently next to her job."

"Harley seems to have solved the problem of the girl's disappearance," said the clerk. "You'll probably find your friend at the Madame Graves agency."

"Unless she has already been sent away," Harley put in. "When they get hold of a girl like Ruth Holme, pretty, friendless, virtually alone in the world, and in trouble, they don't let go of them easily."

"Of course the girl sent the woman here," Millaley said. "Or, rather, she came here herself in preference to permitting the girl to leave her custody. Well, you find Madame Graves quick. If you delay, the girl may be with some traveling company on the road, working under an assumed name."

The Sunday editor and the reporter thanked Millaley and Doherty and left the morgue.

"Funniest thing I even heard of!" Harley broke out, as they walked along in the pale winter sunshine.

"What is it that's funny?" asked Ransom.

"Just think of an old man, half-dead from a bump on the head, and half-starved and half-frozen besides, leaving a morgue in a hospital wagon and never getting anywhere!"

"That isn't funny," Ransom corrected. "That is a tragedy!"

"And the girl," Harley went on. "She never got anywhere either!"

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE.

"Suppose," Harley suggested, as they came in sight of the Shannon street police building, "suppose we call on our friend Captain Preston and ask him a few questions about the strange disappearance of Malcolm Holme?"

"I don't see how he can help us," the reporter replied. "Anyway, he wouldn't if he could."

"It may be just as well to ask him a few questions," the Sunday editor said, turning into the big building and walking through the large front room directly to the door of Captain Preston's private office.

The man at the desk turned and gazed questioningly at the two, and was about to stop them, when Inspector Fenton came out of the captain's room and stopped to greet the two Star men.

"I notice you are all right this morning, both of you," the inspector said, "even if you were guests of the city last night. I'm sorry for that boys" he added, "and," he went on, as Captain Preston opened the door and looked out, "I'm sure Captain Preston regrets the incident as much as I do."

"Yes," the captain spoke up, "I'm sorry it occurred, and, yet, I don't see how I could have done differently, under the report of the doctor. He said the man was badly hurt, you know, and any man on the force, or any other force, would have held the men."

"Forget it!" Harley broke in. "We don't care about that. What we came here for is information."

"Pleased to give you any in my power," grinned the captain. "Perhaps you'll step inside? And you, too, inspector?"

The newspaper men were glad enough to have the chance of questioning Captain Preston, who was a determined enemy of the Star, in the presence of Inspector Fenton, who was friendly to the newspaper, so they entered the private office and took seats.

"I'm pretty busy this morning," Inpector Fenton said, leaning against the large table which stood in the center of the room, "but I'll give you boys a few minutes. I'm not a little interested in the Holme case."

"Glad to know it," Harley said. "Perhaps you'll assist us in our search for the girl and her father?"

"Her father!" repeated the inspector. "Why, her father is at St. Joseph Hospital."

"He wasn't there a few minutes ago," Ransom remarked. "At that time the superintendent reported that he had never been there."

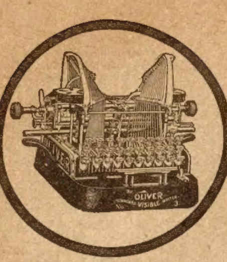
"What do you know about that?" the inspector asked, facing the captain, whose eyes sought the floor for an instant, and then lifted boldly to the face of his chief.

"I was informed that he was taken to a hospital," the captain said. "At least, that a hospital wagon called at the morgue for him, when it was discovered that he was still alive. It is a little out of my jurisdiction, you understand, inspector."

"Did you know last night that the man was not dead?" asked Harley.

The captain did not answer the question until the inspector signed for him to do so. Then he addressed his words to his superior officer.

(Continued on page ten.)



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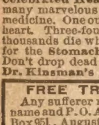
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Unnecessary Bathtub.

Frank Parker Stockbridge, the magazine writer, bought a farm not long ago. Somewhat later, after having made various improvements, he decided to sell it. As it is somewhat out of the line of summer travel, he advertised it for sale in the country weeklies nearest. "I began to think I'd have no difficulty in disposing of it," said he. "Farmers would come in, all over smiles and excelsior, and begin to talk farm values to me. Then I'd take 'em over the place, and the farther they went the better they liked it. Then I'd show them through the house—and their enthusiasm would drop to below zero. I couldn't figure it out for a long time. At last I pinned one old chap.

"'Isn't the farm all right?' I asked him.

"He allowed that the farm was excellent.

"'Isn't the house all right?'

"The house, he thought, was a right pert sort of a house."

"'Then what's the matter?'

"The old chap warmed up," said Mr. Stockbridge. "I handed him a cupful of hard cider and a Connecticut filler, and we sat down and talked it over.

"'It's them dum extravagant ideas of your'n,' said he, 'that scares a feller off. That barn is fine—latest improved stanchions and atuomatic feeders and unloading devices and all them things. And the kitchen is good. No dum foolishness there. But when a feller gets up in the attic and you show him your bathtub—well, when he looks up he's bound to see right through the window that the creek ain't more'n half a mile away.'"

* * *

When Rhodes Was Poor.

It tests credulity to associate the Cecil Rhodes of South African fame with the makeshifts of poverty. But that is just what Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Butler, G. C. B., has done, in his recently published "Autobiography," by the means of an amusing story which, incidentally, contains a neat bit of characterization.

"When Cecil and I were young," the late Frank Rhodes once said to Sir William, "there wasn't too much money or too many things among us. One day Cecil came and asked me to let him have one of my shirts, as he wanted to go to an evening party in London.

"Well, I wanted the shirt myself that evening, and told him he couldn't have it. He said nothing, but I knew he didn't like losing a chance, so I watched him.

"I saw him off to the train. He had neither the shirt on him nor had he bag or baggage with him. But when I got home I thought I'd go to the drawer and just make sure of my shirt. It was gone!

"Cecil came back that night. 'Well, Cecil,' I said to him, 'you won over that shirt of mine; but just tell me how you did it, for it wasn't on you when you left here, and you had no parcel with you. What did you do with it?'

"He chuckled a little. 'I put it on under my old one,' he said.

"That's Cecil," Colonel Rhodes concluded, with dry appreciation.

* * *

The M. D.'s Viewpoint.

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the excited young man as he rushed into the office, my wife has suddenly lost the power of speech—can't utter a word!"

"Well," retorted the wise M. D., "why do you come to me? Aren't you satisfied to let well enough alone?"

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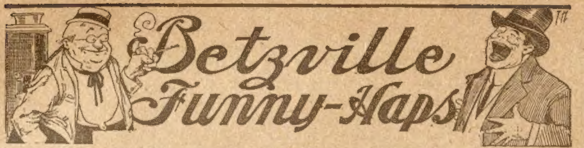


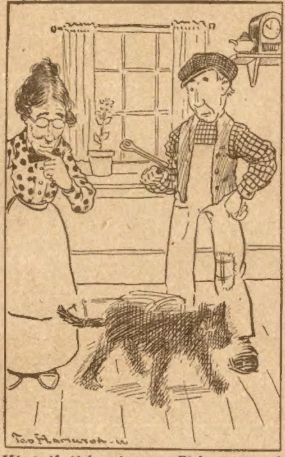
Rhinocolura and Fido

By Ellis Parker Butler

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

AUNT RHINOCOLURA BETZ is known from one end of this county to the other as the social leader of Betzville, and this is not because she is distinguished by having the only automatic cork leg in the village, but because she cannot bear to see any one unhappy. She spends her life in making people happy, and that is why her pink teas are so stalked about. If a hostess has no more life than a corpse, her social functions are apte to resemble a funeral.

One reason Aunt Rhinocolura was so fond of her dog Fido was because he was such a happy dog, and every morning he would come to her bedside and wag his tail, and at a single word from Aunt Rhinocolura he would run and bring her cork leg, wagging his tail all the time. Every one loved Fido, because he was so cheerful and such a continuous tail-wagger. Whenever things got a little slow at Aunt Rhinocolura's social functions, she would send out for Fido, and the whole gang of society ladies and gents would sit around and watch Fido wag his tail.



His tail did not wag—Fido wagged.

About a month ago, a change came over Fido. Aunt Rhinocolura awoke one morning, and Fido was not at her bedside. She thought this strange, but she hopped on one foot to where her cork leg reposed, and put it on and dressed, and then went to find Fido, but when she found him, he did not seem like the same dog. He sprang at her with an angry growl, and bit on the leg, and might have injured her severely, had it been the other leg. As it was, he made several ugly dents in the leg. All that day Fido was as ugly-tempered as father on picture-hanging day, and did nothing but sneak around and growl bitterly and show his teeth, and during the day he bit eight different social callers in eight different places—a thing he had never done before.

Aunt Rhinocolura saw that if this kept on she would cease to be a social leader, the society ladies and gents of Betzville having, as a rule, tender calves, so she sent for Uncle Ashdod Clute, who knows as much about dogs as he knows about anything.

As soon as Fido had bitten Uncle Ashdod on the leg, Uncle Ashdod saw that Fido was not the dog he had been, and made careful inquiries of Aunt Rhinocolura, and found that, as he suspected all along, Fido had never lost his cheerful manner as long as he wagged his tail. To prove that this was the case, Uncle Ashdod took hold of Fido's tail and wagged it back and forth, and Fido immediately dropped his savage manner and smiled sweetly, so to speak. When he saw this Uncle Ashdod shook his head and said it was too bad, but Fido had a clear case of posterior sclerosis, or induration of the wag joint of the tail, and that it had gone so far that nothing could be done for it. He explained that sclerosis of the wag joint in a dog had the same effect that sclerosis of the liver had on a man, tending to make him peevish and grouchy. He said the wag of the tail was the smile of a dog.

When Aunt Rhinocolura heard this she wept for six minutes, and her state might have settled into one of permanent melancholy, but Aunt Rhinocolura is not built that way. At the seventh minute she spruced up, and said that science was all very well, but she guessed she got along with an artificial leg about as well as most people did with a genuine one, and that if her Fido couldnt, have a natural wag to his tail she would see that he was put into a happy state of mind by supplying him an artificial wag. She said Arlo Wiggins, the Betzville mechanic, had mended the second speed differential of her cork leg the time she broke it, and she guessed he could rig up a wag if he was put at it.

When Arlo rightly understood what was wanted he went to work with pleasure, and in less than a week, he built an artificial tail-wagger that was a pleasure to see. It looked like a convex tin box and fitted neatly over Fido's back, and the machinery consisted of a vacillator run by a spring, with a grabber or clutch that reached out and clamped to Fido's tail about halfway to the end. There was a large crank to wind the spring. I hope this explanation is not too technical. There was no other way to describe the artificial wagger.

As soon as the wagger was attached, Arlo took the crank and wound the spring, and Fido immediately began to wag. His tail did not wag, Fido wagged. You see, the spring was so strong, and the gearing of the wagger was so high, that the tail wagged the dog, as you might say.

Probably a dog is as happy when the tail is wagging the dog as when the dog is wagging the tail, for it is a poor rule that does not work both ways, but it was hard to see whether Fido was happy or not, he wagged so rapidly. It was easy to see the tail, for that remained quite immobile, but Fido wagged at the rate of about 5,000 wags a minute, and all one could see of him was a sort of streak, as he wagged back and forth. He wagged as rapidly as a humming-bird's wing, only more so. Such vivid wagging was never seen in Betzville. Arlo was more than pleased. He said this proved that the tail-wagger was a great success, and that all that was necessary was to put the wagger on the tail and attach the grabber or clutch to the dog, and then rig up some sort of governor or fly wheel to control the speed, and the thing would be perfect.

In about half an hour Aunt Rhinocolura suggested that it might be a good thing to stop the wagger a minute or so, to let Fido get a breath, but Arlo shook his head. He said he had not put any kind of a stopper on the wagger, and it would just have to simply run down. He said, as near as he could figure, the spring would run down in about three days, but Aunt Rhinocolura said she hardly thought Fido would wag that long without wagging his head off. Just then there was a sound like a bone breaking, and when Arlo looked closely he saw that it was indeed a bone that had broken. Fido had wagged off his tail right where the sclerosis was.

Fido wagged on for three days more, and when the wagger ran down it was found that the constant wagging had stretched his neck to three and a half feet, and he was so tired he lay down and did nothing but pant for upward of eighteen hours, and then he took a full breath and panted seventeen hours more. When Arlo examined the tail he found it was as good as ever, except for being loose from the dog, and he reversed the automatic wagger, and the tail did very well. Of course, as a usual thing, it is better to have the tail permanently attached to the dog, to avoid possible loss, but for wagging in an automatic wagger a detached tail is as good as any, so long as it can wag and keep the dog happy.

Next week's Ledger will contain another Funny-Hap called "Orone and Cleopatra." It is funny.

* * *

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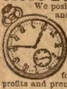

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Snaring Maiden Feet.

(Continued from page eight.)

"Yes; just after the report of the finding of the man in the street was received here, I was called to the 'phone by the morgue, and told that I had sent a live man to the dead room."

"What then?" asked the inspector.

'I said to notify a hospital. I had nothing more to do with it."

"This was before the girl, Ruth Holme, and these two men were brought to the station house?" asked the inspector.

"Yes; it was before they were brought here."

"Did you tell the girl that her father was not dead?" was the next question.

Both Ransom and Harley bent forward, eager for the reply. If Ruth knew that there was hope that her father might be spared to her, she might have gone to him instead of to the Madame Graves establishment, and the two might be found together. The captain's reply cut this slender thread of hope.

"I did not," he said, sullenly.

"Why not?" asked the inspector.

"Well, she was taken to the matron's room on her arrival here, and when I went to talk with her there I was told she was asleep. I did not think it best to awaken her. She looked to me to be about all in."

"Did you tell her in the morning?" asked Harley.

The captain showed his wrath at being questioned by the reporter, but answered.

"She left' the station before I came down," he said.

"Where did she go?"

It was Inspector Fenton who asked this question. The official saw that it angered the captain to have too many questioners at him.

"I was told that she went away with Madame Graves, a theatrical agent."

"And you don't know whether she knew that her father was alive when she left here?" the inspector continued.

"I don't see how she could have known."

"Now," the inspector asked, in response to a few whispered words from Harley, "when you 'phoned to the morgue to have the father taken to a hospital, did you designate any particular one?"

"I did not."

"Did you send an ambulance from this station to make the removal?"

"I did not. It was the business of the hospital to do that."

"So no wagon left here for the purpose of removing Holme to a hospital?"

"Not that I know of."

"You know, of course," the inspector continued, "that Holme never reached St. Joseph Hospital?"

"I have been told so," was the short reply. "Remember, inspector, that I did not designate the hospital to which he should be taken. It was not for me to do that. When he reached the morgue, it was not for me to dictate what should be done with him."

"When were you informed that he did not reach St. Joseph Hospital?"

"When I came down this morning."

"What did you do in the matter?"

"Reported the case to headquarters."

"And what has headquarters done?" asked Harley.

"Headquarters," was the sharp reply, "has caused every hospital in the city, public and private, to be searched. Still, Malcolm Holme has not been found."

"The he has been spirited away by some of the defendants in the suit!" exclaimed Harley. "There is mischief afoot! I don't believe, now, that he met with an accident on the street. He was struck down by his enemies!"

"Rather hard words, Harley," said the captain.

The reporter ignoring the quiet reproof of the captain, asked:

"Has the wagon which conveyed the man from the morgue been found?"

"It has not," was the reply.

"The night clerk at the morgue would recognize it, I presume."

"He says not. It is a puzzling affair."

The inspector now opened the door of the private office and looked out, for there was commotion there, the clamor of which came through the thick panels. Captain Preston sprang to his feet and advanced to the doorway, his eyes fixed in amazement on the figure of a woman standing by the desk.

"There is Captain Preston," the desk sergeant said, pointing.

The woman at the desk turned, throwing back her veil as she did so, and Ransom recognized her as the woman spoken of as Boherty, the woman who had taken Ruth Holme from the police matron's care that morning—Madame Graves. He remembered, now, of having seen the woman before, just where he could not recall.

She walked hesitatingly toward the group in front of the private office, her eyes on the watchful faces before her. Captain Preston stepped forward to meet her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Holme girl!" was the quick reply.

The Sunday editor, the reporter and the inspector all moved forward to the captain's side, determined not to miss a word of the talk. The girl's name brought back to their minds the most important feature of the case.

"What about Miss Holme," asked the inspector.

The woman eyed the officer suspiciously, as an interloper, for an instant, then turned to the captain.

"She left my rooms while I was out in the city," she said, hesitatingly, "and I can find no trace of her. I want you to send out a general alarm."

Inspector Fenton motioned the woman into the private office. Ransom and Harley followed, but the police captain found that his duties required his presence in another part of the building.

"Who was with Miss Holme when she left your rooms?" asked the inspector.

"My clerk. I left the two together. I had just informed Miss Holme that her father had been left at a hospital instead of a morgue. She wanted to go immediately in quest of him, but I advised her to wait until I returned. I promised to go with her then. When I returned she was not tnere. My clerk said she had asked for a newspaper, and had finally stepped into the street to buy one. She never came back."

"Yes," ejaculated the reporter, "and her father was lifted into a wagon at the morgue, and he never came back!"

"It is a remarkable coincidence," admitted the inspector. "Still, she may have lost her way in the crowded street."

"Lost her way nothing!" Harley exclaimed. "This is no lost and bewildered child case. Some one is doing a mighty good job for the defendants in the Holme suits, and that's the truth of it. I believe this woman knows where she is, right now!"

"Well," the inspector said, "whether she does or not, and whether the disappearance of both father and daughter is a coincidence or not, we've got to find them both."

"You'll find a badly frightened child when you come up with Miss Holme," Madame Graves remarked, glancing keenly at Harley, but not answering his charge. "She was shivering with fright all the morning. She said something to my clerk which sounds like what this young man just said. She seemed to fear that her father was the victim of a malicious attack, and that she would be pursued by the same interest that attempted his life. She's run away, and that's all of it!"

"Then," questioned the inspector, "you think we'll find her in hiding somewhere, living perhaps, under an assumed name?"

"That is just my notion. She seemed to want to get away from every one who had ever know her. She felt disgraced over her detention at the police station. She'll be hiding under a false name, all right, and me waiting for her with an engagement a hundred girls out of a hundred and one would give a year from their lives to get."

"In the chorus?" asked Ransom.

"In the chorus," was the reply.

"But how could a girl like Miss Holme, untrained, unfamiliar even with the auditorium of a theater, to say nothing of the regions back of the curtain, ever secure an engagement in any way desirable?"

"In two weeks' time," the woman declared, "she would have been drawing twenty-five per and wardrobe, and standing on her toes in the front line, if she had only remained with me."

"Where did your friend, the police matron, who sent for you to come and get Miss Holme, go when she left the building this morning?" asked Ransom.

"I didn't know that she went anywhere, except to her own home," was the reply.

"Well," said the reporter, "you came here to report to Captain Preston. You've either hidden her away or lost her, and you came here to report progress. What is there between the two of you? You didn't want to talk to him in our presence, and wouldn't have done so, only for the presence of Inspector Fenton, who is the only square man in this crooked police precinct house. You may as well tell us where the girl is."

"Do you believe what this man says, Inspector Fenton?" asked the woman, her bold eyes flaming with rage. "Do you think I have hidden the girl away? Do you believe that there is a plot against her, and that Captain Preston and myself are fostering it?"

"I have no proof that what he says is the truth," was the reply, "but I'm going to learn the truth. The girl shall be found, if every den big enough to shelter a rat has to be turned out to the light of day."

"Well," stormed the woman, "you can search me. I haven't got her. I would have done the right thing by her if she hadn't run away. Now I wash my hands of her."

"That's the best news I've heard today!" Harley cried.

Madame Graves flounced out of the room, but did not leave the building. Instead, she spoke a few words to the sergeant at the desk, and stepped into a side room, where she found Captain Preston and two detectives.

The captain pointed to a chair, and the woman seated herself, apparently much at home there.

"Now," said the captain, "I want you plain clothes men to hear what this lady says about the girl's leaving her rooms, and then I want you to go out and find her. Understand me? I said find her, not look for her."

While Madame Graves was telling all she knew of the departure of the girl,

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and while Captain Preston was ordering the detectives to find her in advance of the men who would be sent out by the inspector, the Sunday editor and the reporter thanked the inspector and left the police building. The desk sergeant rapped on the door of the room where the four sat, as the newspaper men left the station, turning toward the lake front, and one of the detectives, after receiving hurried instructions from the captain hastened after them

On the lake front the two, wrapping themselves closer in their overcoats, sat down for a moment on one of the benches standing by a clump of evergreens. As they did so a woman closely enveloped in a cloak and a hood, arose and moved toward the street.

It was dark over the tumbling waters, and the December fog was marching in upon the city. The near-by lamps flared fitfully, sending uncertain gleams over the walks. From afar the electrics in the high buildings winked to the twilight.

The Sunday editor and the reporter were busy with their own thoughts, and so did not observe the white face which was for a second turned appealingly toward them, as the lady in the long cloak disappeared from sight in the chilling fog.

CHAPTER XX

A GIRL WISE TO THE CITY.

Ruth did not recognize the Sunday editor and the reporter when they seated themselves, well wrapped up from the chilling fog, near her in the lake front park. Her impression, as she left her seat, was that the men, whoever they were, had come there to spy upon her; hence her precipitate departure

From the moment of leaving the police station in the company of Madame Graves, it had been the intention of the girl to leave the woman at the earliest opportunity. Her motive in forming her plans may well be understood.

She considered that she had been unjustly disgraced by the fact of her arrest, that the odor of the police station would long cling about her. The matron had sent for Madame Graves, and Madam Graves would, as long as she remained with her, form a connecting link between herself and the police station, would be a constant reminder of the disgrace which had come upon her

She believed that in time she might come to look upon the incident with less horror, less self-abasement, if she could forever put behind her all that might in any manner remind her of it. So it was her set purpose to leave the woman and seek new friends in the city—friends who must forever remain in ignorance of the only hours in her life which she sought to veil from the world.

Passing up the lake front, she finally came to a crowded street where cheap restaurants, drinking places, and third-class museums seemed to predominate. Her idea in visiting the business section was to pledge a handsome gold watch which had been saved from the wreck of her father's financial affairs, procure money for a room and board for a week, and look about for employment.

It was also her intention to at once ascertain the name and location of the hospital to which her father had been taken after leaving the morgue. She was naturally anxious about him, although Madame Graves' report of his condition had been very favorable—doubtless made so to prevent the girl from seeking him at once—and she hoped that she might be able to find a temporary home and suitable employment before she went to him.

Before leaving the matron's rooms that morning she had been proffered a draught of black coffee and a few slices of stale bread, but she had not accepted of the food. At that time her whole mind had been fixed on getting away from the detested place and learning something of her father.

She had escaped from Madame Graves' rooms just before luncheon, and so had not partaken of food during the entire day. Walking now along the brilliantly lighted street, she felt the pangs of hunger as she passed one eating house after another.

The restaurants were not enticing in appearance, but the odors of steaming food which came from them reminded the girl of her needs, so she looked from one lighted window to another in quest of a suitable place for a light lunch. She had not yet pledged her watch, and had only the small sum of money sent her the day before by the reporter.

Presently she came to a restaurant not quite so bright and cheery as the others. She halted there and tried to peer through the steam-covered windows in order to reach a conclusion as to the sort of a place it might be. It looked like a place not too expensive for her to visit.

What she saw inside, which was little enough, for the steam on the large window was thick, did not encourage the notion of entering, and she would have passed on if a cardboard sign in the window had not attracted her attention This sign, printed in uneven character on what had evidently been the cover of an envelope box, read:

"WAITRESS WANTED."

She hesitated no longer, but moved toward the door. She had, however, been observed standing hesitatingly before the place by a girl, who had just swung around a corner from a tall office building.

This girl was well clothed, and her face was wholesome and attractive. Her long stormcoat, which reached to the bottom of her skirt, and her hat, which might have been made for a man and then daintily trimmed for a girl, were dark blue and looked black in artificial light. The soft hat was thrust back from her forehead, showing a fresh, peachy complexion and a pair of independent black eyes. She walked with a little swing, which further carried out the impression given by the daring eyes that she was a girl who had her own ideas of life and clung to them

When Ruth made to enter, the girl laid a firm, white hand on her shoulder. Ruth shivered under the touch, at first, and turned about, half expecting to see the brass buttons and brassy face of a policeman

When she saw who stood beside her, Ruth smiled faintly, and waited for some explanation of the interruption. The girl glanced shrewdly at the face of the childlike waif upon whose shoulder her hand still lay, and seemed satisfied that she had made no mistake in accosting her

"Where you going?" she asked, her voice kind if rather heavy and masculine

"Into the restaurant, of course," Ruth faltered

"For that?"

The girl pointed toward the sign in the window. Ruth nodded

"How long have you been in town?" was the next question

Ruth saw that the questions were not asked in a hostile spirit, and answered that she had been here nearly two years, but that she hadn't seen much of the city during that time.

Got any friends here?" asked the girl, then

Ruth shook her head, and the other saw tears shining in her eyes

"Of course not," she said, pretending that she had not observed the evidences of loneliness and despair, "of course you've no friends in town, child. They would have put you wise to joints like this."

"But I must find a place to work," Ruth insisted.

'Well, don't ever make the mistake of looking in joints like that for a job, said the other. "You'd starve rather than even eat in a place like that if you knew more about it. Why don't you get a job as a kitchen 'shoofer'? What do all you kids from the hayfields want to inhabit hallroom for—inhabit hallrooms and live on coffee and sinkers? You can catch five bones a week and eats and laundry in a little domestic shack and that beats jobs most of the country kids have. Go to the kitchen and be wise, you kid!"

Ruth noticed with a trace of amazement the rather sporty language of the girl. She had no idea what "five bones meant, or what article of diet was described by the word "sinkers." Still, the girl's face was so friendly, her manner so frank and sincere, that she trusted her

"I hadn't thought of that," she said "I'll try to find a place in a family tomorrow. You're kind for the suggestion."

"And now you're sizing up what I stopped you for," smiled the girl. "I'll tell you. I know this place. I had a job there, three years ago, and I know how tough it is. I beat up the boss with a skillet. You looked too fresh from the hay to get into any act like that. Were you thinking of eating in there?"

Ruth admitted that she had not eaten that day, and that she was thinking of ordering something there before asking for a position.

"Well, you come along with me," the other said. "I'll take you to a place where they serve chicken pies like mother used to make. You can tell me as much of your troubles as you care to while we feed."

Ruth protested feebly, very feebly indeed, for she was lonely and in need of some friendly face and was hungry, too

"Cut it," said the girl. "If you're going to a kitchen tomorrow, you won't want to hunt no room tonight, so you're going to the shop where I live. I'll get you a room there for one night. I'm not hooked up to any swell, but I can stand the price of one snooze. Come on."

Ruth offered no further objections and the girls were soon seated in a cozy little restaurant, where a satisfying meal was served for a quarter. She spoke only of her need of employment, not thinking it advisable to go into the events of the past twenty-four hours. Her companion also remained silent regarding her own employment and her prospects.

As they sat at the table, a man with inquisitive black eyes entered and stood by the cashier's desk, looking sharply over the room. Now and then he spoke to the cashier, evidently asking questions concerning some one in the room.

Directly the cashier, a bright-faced young girl, beckoned to the girl who had brought Ruth to the place, and the latter arose and went to the desk. The three, the inquisitive man the cashier, and Ruth's friend stood together for some moments, talking in whispers, their eyes fixed on the table where Ruth sat, her fears fully aroused by the strange incident

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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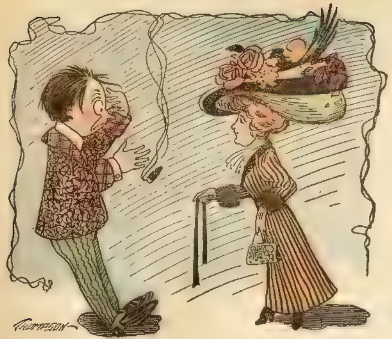
POOR OLD HUBBY.



To forty-nine ninety ($49 90)
  This peach of a hat
Was marked down from fifty ($50.00).
  What think you of that?

So with the ten cents
  That was left after that
I bought hubby a tie
  What think you of that?"

Extremely Lucky.

"Have you had any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

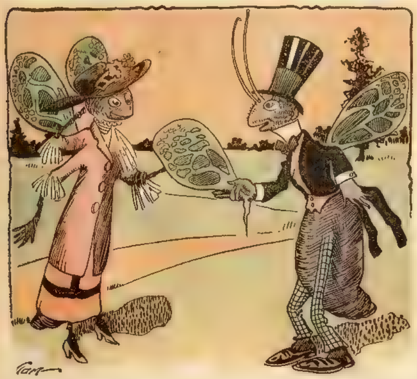
"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."

An Accomplished Little Boy.

Settlement Worker—So this is your small brother. What does he do all day?

Little Mother—Smoke a cigarette for the lady, buh, and swallow de stub!

THE NEW EASTER HAT.



Now Mr. Fly was very proud
  Of Mrs. Fly, his wife
He bought the swellest Easter hat
  She's had in all her life.

Said Mr. Fly: "There's just one thing
  That I'd suggest to you;
I think a wing upon the hat.
  Would make it swell, don't you?"

"A good idea," said Mrs Fly,
  "But wings are dear, you know"
"I'll give you mine," said Mr Fly,
  "Because I love you so."

SERENADE.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Frost of the winter night,
  While this loud infant roars,
Pray do not freeze me quite;
  She snores.
  My lady snores.

Stars of the winter night,
  See me on chilly floors
Pace while with calm delight
  She snores
  My lady snores!

Milk of the blue and white,
  For which the babe implores
Please quickly warm tonight;
  She snores,
  My lady snores

❧

Misunderstood.

An Irishman, an newly appointed crier in the County Court in Australia, where there were a great many Chinese, was ordered by the Judge to summon a witness to the stand

"Call for Ah Song," was the Judge's command

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He glanced slyly at the Judge, but found him as grave as an undertaker. Then turning to the spectators, he cried out in a loud voice

"Gentlemen, would any of yez be good enough to give his honor a song?"

❧

Never There.

Jones had just run over to see if Mr and Mrs. Blank would go to the theater with them. Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. Mrs. Blank would telephone. The following conservation ensued: "Halloa! Is this the —— club? Is my husband there? Halloa! Not there? Sure? Well, all right, then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name 'There ain t nobody's husband here—never," was the wise attendant's reply

❧

All Squandered.

Old Gent—What! Begging again' What did you do with that threepence I gave you yesterday?

Drifting Man—Well, you see, sir after I'd treated myself for a champagne supper at Paris 'Ouse, an' tipped the waiter there wasn't much of it left, sir

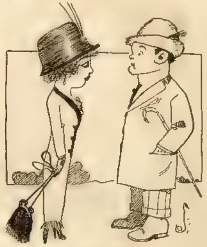
❧

Inherited.

Miss Gush—Mrs Richley carries herself so splendidly always; nothing ever disturbs her

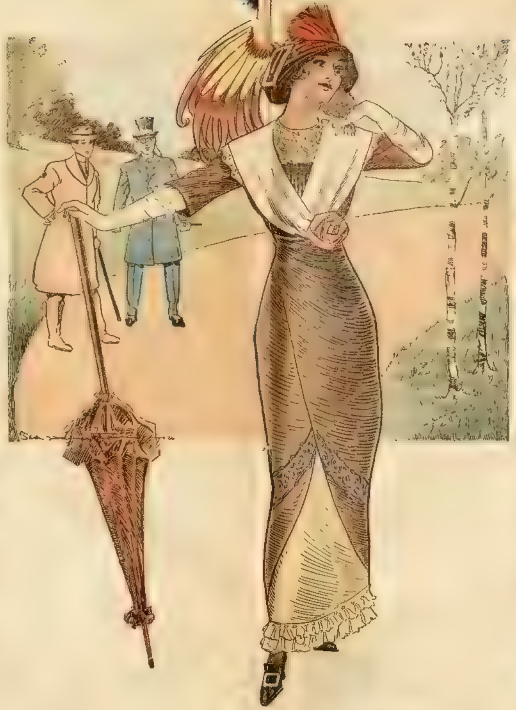
Mrs. Chellus—Yes, indeed; she carries herself just as steadily as her grandfather did the hod

❧



"He's a regular 'Willie.'"
"What is a 'Willie?'"
'A counterfeit Bill."

MODE[illegible]KING.



Hodge—How do the milliners manage to get out those enormous Easter hats on time?

Dodge—Modern construction methods account for it. The steel frame work is erected first and then the trimmers can work on every story independently

Poverty-Stricken.

Persevering Percy (who has just paid a begging visit to neighboring house)—Strike me pink, 'Enery, if that ain't the most poverty-stricken 'ouse I ever struck. Why, blow me, if there ain t two ladies playin' on the same pianner.

■

Washed and Ironed.

"All arrivals are washed," explained the warden of the Pittsburgh prison.

"And if they kick up a fuss?"

"Then they are ironed."

Better Quarters.

George Ade objected to the extravagance of the modern wife.

"It is true that the married men of today," he ended, "have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters."

Doing Her Part.

"Wife, will you thread a needle for me? I want to sew on a few buttons."

"Why, certainly There you are. Now, you can sew on your buttons while I go to the bridge club. Sometimes I wonder how you managed before you were married"

❧

Dubious Relations.

Jack Perkins—What relations exist between you and Miss Richleigh?

Tom Poore—Her father and mother.

A Deadly Antidote.

Jersey Coroner—You say you saw the [illegible]ased bitten by the rattlesnake?

Witness at Inquest—Yes, sir

Coroner—What was done for him?

Witness—We gave him whisky, the [illegible]

[illegible] Where was the antidote obtained?

W[illegible] In Hoboken

[illegible] (after consulting with jur[illegible] [illegible]oner, we find that the deceased [illegible] to his death after being bitten by rattlesnake

Coroner—And from the effects of the [illegible]

Foreman—No. sir. From the effects the antidote

■

Good Marksmanship.

A prominent American, traveling abroad, was the guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the Emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up he victims of the sport

Among all the members of the hunting party the American alone had no trophy to display

'How does this happen? asked some [illegible]

"Where game is so plenty," replied the American, gravely, "the merit of a marksman seems to lie in hitting nothing So I fired between the birds"

❧

Very Hard.

Willie was sent out by his mother to the woodshed to saw and split some stovewood out of a pile of old railroad ties.

Going outdoors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the sawhorse with his head bowed down in his hands She asked her hopeful why he didn't keep at his work

My dear mother,' he replied with much feeling, 'I find it so hard, so very hard to sever old ties."

❧

Intemperate Advice.

There was an old Scotchman who was moving from one house to another. The last thing left for him to carry was one of those old grandfather's clocks. As he toddled up the street to his new home with the huge old timepiece over his shoulder he met a friend who had been imbibing. "Tak ma' advice," said the intemperate, "buy yersel' a watch"

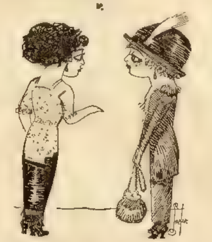
❧

Doubtful Compliment.

Old Maid—You eat very little, Mr Smith

Smith (flattered and wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, to sit next to you is to lose one's appetite

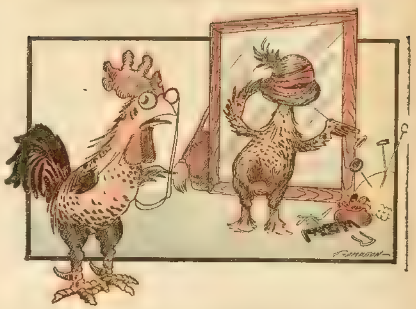
❧



Mrs. Brown—What did your husband say when he saw your new evening gown?

Mrs. Green—Asked me if I didn't have enough material left to make a waist

TRYING ON THE EASTER BONNET.



Wanted a Job.

He was a stalwart young German, and as he walked into the barn he saluted the owner with.

"Hey, mister, will you jop me?"

"Will I what?" returned the farmer

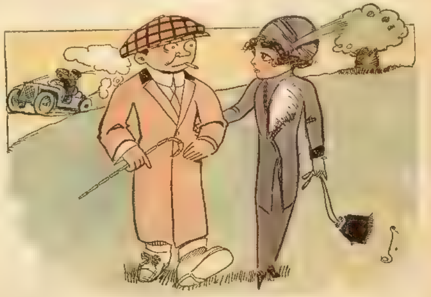
"Will you jop me? Make me work yet"

"Oh I see, you want a job," said the hearer "Well how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-fife I eat myself by Schmidt's"

Would Serve Them Right.

Said a little Georgia boy, whose father had just been elected to the Legislature of that State: "Ma, pop's a pretty big man now, ain't he?" "Oh, I dunno," answered his mother. "If he makes a good record they'll send him to Congress, won t they, ma?" "I dunno. Maybe, I ain't ever had much use for Congress since they wouldn't pay for the cotton that was stole durin' the war. Still, if they want to send your pa up there it don't make no difference as fur's I'm concerned. They can't swat Congress too hard to suit me"



Mrs. Jabbe—Jones practically lives in his automobile

Mr. Jabbe—Has to—he sold his home to buy it."

Also with Gloves.

Assistant Editor—Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.

Editor—Tell him to treat them with respect.

❧

No Change.

"Before we were married you used to call me the light to your life."

"Yes," he retorted. "And now you're always flaring up'

Part of a Man.

"I never saw him before and he asked me for a dime'

"The idea! An entire stranger?"

"Well—no—not exactly entire. One of his legs was gone.'

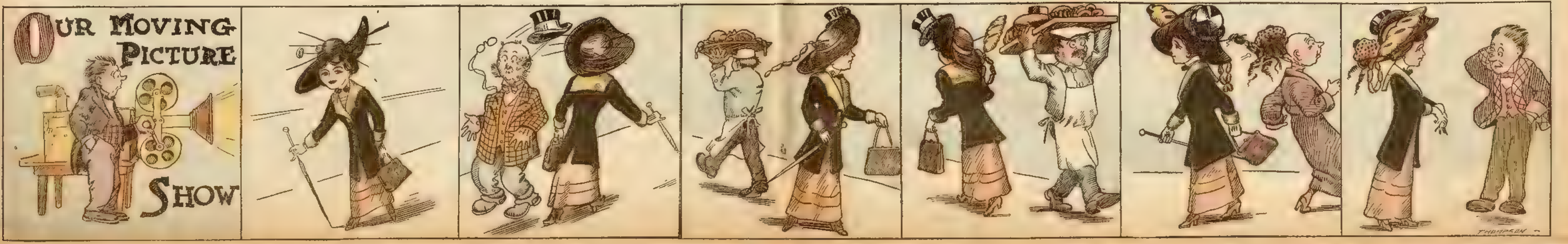
❧

Repartee.

Marks—I dreamed last night that I saw the fool killer ringing your doorbell.

Parks—Probably he wanted to inquire your address.

HER EASTER SUNDAY COLLECTION.



Their Marriage Notice

By James C. Threlfall

"STOP where you are!"

I stopped. I happened to be at the rear end of the press, having just dropped the forms into place for the second section of the Daily Bugle. I faced about to find myself looking into the business end of a small revolver and the mask-covered face of a young fellow of about thirty.

"Raise your hands, please," he continued. I did so.

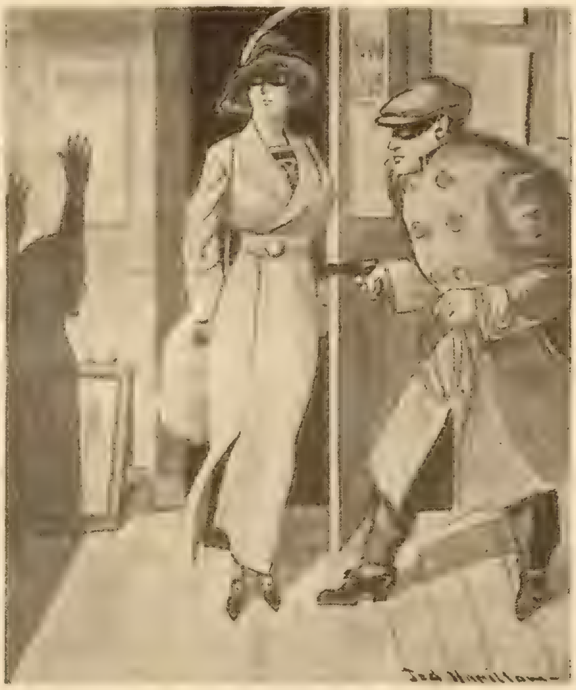
"Now lady, you may come in," he proceeded, and a lady, likewise masked, opened the door and came in.

She wore a long coat. Mask and coat concealed her identity, but not the fact that she was both pretty and shapely.

"Tie his hands, please," my captor requested. I caught a scent of violet perfumery as the lady fastened my hands in their vertical position with a piece of mailing-twine. She further checked any aspirations I might have had to cry out with a napkin, which she twisted deftly about my jaws.

"Now if you will stand over in the corner," she suggested, "we won't disturb you any more."

I obeyed, and watched their further procedure with interest. That they were not common "hold-ups" in search of money or valuables, their appearance and the locality of their operations indicated. The sole object of value in the pressroom was my watch, which ticked on from its convenient nail unmolested.



A lady, likewise masked, opened the door and came in.

The man walked over to the side of the press at once, took the wire-covered incandescent light hanging there, and ran it over the nearest form. We have a flat-bed press, a bit old-fashioned, but simple. The stranger showed that he understood flat-bed presses in the way he removed the form, which he laid on the composing-stone that stood in the corner of the room.

He slipped a package out of his pocket, which proved to be an article set up for printing, two columns wide and about two inches long. He removed from the form an advertisement of like size of his set-up article, which has for years added adornment to our front page and further fame to Painless Perry, our leading dentist. The article was substituted for the advertisement, the form relocked and [illegible]

"How many souvenirs do we want?" he asked.

"Three will be enough—one for your father, one for me, and one for you," the lady replied.

He conducted her to the drawer of the press. "Watch here," he instructed, "and whistle when ones comes off without the picture."

[illegible] the lever, turned on the power, and the press groaned asthmatically, and settled down to work as sturdily as if my hand had been at the lever. The lady whistled, and the press was stopped.

"I'll just change it back," he said.

The form was again removed, and things adjusted as at first. The power was turned on, the lady watched the papers as they came off, and when the face of the genial dentist again appeared in its proper place, she whistled, gathered up the papers as printed, and carried them over to the mailing-table, where the two examined them, selected three copies, and threw the balance in the stove.

"And now, all aboard," said the man.

"What shall we do with our prisoner?" asked the lady. "We can't leave him here tied. We have delayed him long enough in his work, as it is."

"I have it," he said. "A half-minute will put us out of harm's way. A half-minute is about the time it would take for a spark to travel from one end of the string to his wrists and release them."

Suiting the action to his words, he lit a cigar and one end of the string with the same match. The two then hurried out with a soft-spoken "Adios" from the lady, to which I nodded a rejoinder, and I heard the staccato chug-chug of their waiting automobile until they passed out of hearing.

Of course I called up the police as soon as the spark worked its way to my wrists and released me, but there was nothing they could do, or did, which had any results. I looked in the stove for remnants of the papers they had thrown therein, but there was nothing there but ashes.

A rancher or two reported having heard an auto pass at an early hour that morning, but there are many autos in our country, and there was no way of proving that any of those heard was the missing one.

The whole affair became a nine days' wonder, and then, like other nine days' wonders, passed out of the public interest.

About two weeks after the "hold-up" I received a letter addressed simply, "Pressman, The Daily Bugle."

I opened it and a clipping dropped therefrom, which, upon examination, proved to be an announcement of the wedding of [illegible] Thurston. Not having such a person on my visiting list, I proceeded to read the letter accompanying it. It was as follows:

"Dear Mr. Pressman:

"We take this method of thanking you for the part which you and your press played in our lives, and [illegible] for the purpose of relieving your mind of any misapprehension you might have as to the [illegible] of our early morning [illegible] your pressroom.

"I always hate an insoluble riddle. I

AGENTS WANTED

NEW SELF-HEATING IRON

Makes and contains its own heat. Saves its cost every month. Saves miles of walking. Economical, [illegible] Used anywhere. [illegible] in half the time. No waiting, stopping to change irons. Right size, right shape, right weight. Neat, durable. No tanks, [illegible] hose nor wires standing out at sides or back to bother. Cheapest fuel—2 cents ordinary ironing. Price low—only $4.50. Sent anywhere. Not sold in stores.

AGENTS Make money—quick, sure, easy. All year business. Experience unnecessary. Sells itself. Every home a prospect. All can afford it. Even two or three sales a day gives $27 to $40 week profit. Easy sell six to a dozen a day. Send no money. Write today for description, selling plan how to get FREE SAMPLE.

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C. BROWN MFG. CO., 168 Brown Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

Make $25 to $50 Weekly

selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lifting Jack, Vice, Wrench, etc. Used by Farmers, Teamsters, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. Weight 24 lbs. Capacity 3 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write for special offer to live agents. Send no money. Name county where you live.

AUTOMATIC JACK COMPANY
Box 53 Bloomfield, Ind.

EASY WRINGING MOP attachment Attached to any old 10-cent mop stick found in any home. Also Proper Tip Castors. Both articles astonishing and marvelous inventions. AGENTS, HERE ARE THE MONEY MAKERS. Rush 50c for set of four Castors and Mop Attachment postpaid or 24 Castors and 6 Mop Attachments for $1.60. OUR AGENTS' money making catalog free with first order. NEW PROCESS MFG. CO., MOP DEPT 3, SALINA, KANSAS

AGENTS $3 a Day

NEW PATENTED AUTOMATIC CURRY COMB

Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemen delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Keeps the teeth always clean; no clogging with hair and dirt. Easy seller. Big profits. Write for terms and sample.
THOMAS MFG. CO., 4717 Barny St., Dayton, Ohio

A Money Proposition

Do you want to own a mail order business—be independent—your own boss? Would you manage an Agency for me in your vicinity or elsewhere? All printed matter furnished for one-half the profits. Write for particulars
HAZEN A. HORTON, Desk B, Tekonsha, Michigan

Agents, Signists—1000% Profit

Beautiful window letters. Very low prices; easy proposition. Something new. Free mounted sample gets orders
Embossed Sixty Co., 2564 Milwaukee Av., Chicag

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

$50 to $100 Per Week Easily Earned,
selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars. Address
METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 416 North Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$15 SALARY GUARANTEED To Beginners
Experienced men make $25 to $50 a week. Some as high as $75 to $100. Mr. Begley made $148 the first week. Our new plan does the work. No such word as fail in this business. Write at once for full particulars.
PEOPLES SUPPLY CO., 104 Peoples Building, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size postpaid.
DR. LYONS, 2201 Locust St., Box B, St. Louis, Mo.

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today.
DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 307 Davis Bldg., Chicago

BOOK AGENTS Write now. Postal will do. Outfits Free. Best Sellers. Many make $25 to $50 a week. One made $77.70 sales in 22 hours; first experience as agent.
THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE HOUSE, Dept. R, Phila., Pa.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

DANGERS OF F

HOW FAT AFFECTS THE H

HEART

Fatty Deged Smith, of the Hthe table well be afterward, to all f and hung An exc ies. "Did around t?" not only ed Smith. move m e use." gradually the substance FUL organ. The p becomes weaker; excitement or extra exertion causes throbbing in throat and temples; the breath is short and gaspy. When these symptoms come to the man or woman who is too fat, steps should be taken to remove the excess fat, not only from the suffocated heart, but from other parts of the body where it makes its unwelcome appearance. Many so called fat reducers are dangerous to the fatty heart, placing upon it an added burden by stimulating its action. There is but one sure, harmless fat reducer known, the now famous Marmola Prescription of a Detroit physician, and its more convenient form, Marmola Prescription Tablets. By means of these harmless little tablets, thousands of over fat people have surely and safely reduced their weight at the rate of 10 to 16 oz. a day without exercise or dieting.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists, or the Marmola Company, 1288 Farmer Building, Detroit, Mich., at 75c for a large case.

Big Box of Candy Free

To introduce our HOME-MADE CHOCOLATE CREAMS we will give absolutely free a $2.50 box, elaborately packed, or other handsome premiums for selling $3.00 worth. Consisting of 18 10c and two 60c boxes. We will trust you until sold. We pay express charges. Mail us 10c for large sample box and full particulars of free offer.
HOME-MADE CHOCOLATE CREAM CO., Dept. 401, CHICAGO, ILL.

TOBACCO-BAN GUARANTEED. EASY to Take. Relieves all craving for tobacco in 70 to 120 hours. Write today. BANNER REMEDY CO. 24 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

CARD PLAYER'S "Official Rule Hoyle up-to-date, 205 pages 25c. Write for FREE offer. Hill & Co., Swanton, Ohio

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. M free booklet X-1013, tells how. Write tod NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO

KOMICAL KARDS, 24 for 10c. Cat den photos free. Atoz Co., 08, W

AGENTS WA

30 Days' Free Trial
365 Days' Test
3 Years To Pay

102 TO ART

AGENTS send us your snap in the c speedy sellers; no risk. own factory; quality g
THE WILBERT
2329 [illegible]

200 PERCENT PROFIT

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The Speedy Stitcher sews a lock stitch like a machine. It mends harness, shoes, or in fact anything. The latest, the best—it beats anything for the money. Retails for $1.00. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Special price on sample to agents. Our wholesale prices lowest ever offered; over 200% profit. We manufacture our own goods, can sell the best Awl for the least money. Sells on sight. Send now for catalog and sample.
Automatic Awl Co., 48 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

$10.00 A DAY

Selling the wonderful White Flame Burner. Everyone using kerosene lamps buys. No mantle to break. Safe, Durable, Reliable. Delights every user. Write quick for particulars. Territory going fast. Experience unnecessary. Sample postpaid 35c stamps or coin. Money back if not satisfied. White Flame Light Co., Dept. 76 Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept 5024, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

$1.00 A WEEK will start you in a big money-making mail order business—with the best line—in spare time. Particulars free. Antiseptic Mfg. Co., 1865 Barry Avenue, Chicago

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER

AGENTS WANTED Make $3 to $5 a day. Send 15 cents for sample and large catalog 500 articles. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 7, Bath, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay. Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co. Bx 114, Danville, Va.

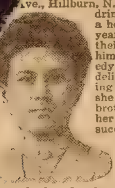
PORTRAIT AGENTS First-class work; lowest prices; prompt shipment; guaranteed. Louis Platt, Portrait Artist, 729 S. 41st Avenue, Chicago.

AGENTS Don't accept an agency until you read our new book "Piling Dollars" It's free. DARLING CO., Derry, N. H.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis Mo.

This Wife [illegible] and Mother

[illegible] es to tell you FREE [illegible] She Stopped [illegible] sband's Drinking



[illegible] 20 years James Anderson living at [illegible] Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own home, gave him a simple little remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely. This remedy she also tried on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly tell what it is. She has already told hundreds what she used and the following extracts from letters she has received will show what splendid results her information has brought about.

> I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely.—*Mrs. P. W. Cowell, Athens, Penn.* Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time.—*Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.* Your advice surely has been of wonderful value to me. The remedy which cured your husband, completely cured me.—*Mr. Oakley Willis, Arlington, N. Y.*

If you also desire this advice all you have to do is write Mrs. Anderson a letter asking how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and address plainly.

(We earnestly advise everyone of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

[illegible] en need any longer dread the [illegible] ildbirth, or remain childless. [illegible] e has devoted his life to re- [illegible] sorrows of women. He has [illegible] all pain at childbirth may be [illegible] hed, and he will gladly tell [illegible] ay be done absolutely free [illegible] nd your name and address [illegible] ye, 16 Lewis Block, Buffalo, [illegible] will send you, postpaid, his [illegible] ok which tells how to give [illegible] y, healthy children, abso- [illegible] t pain; also how to cure [illegible] not delay but write today.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

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PIMPLES Vanish forever. Send for free sample. No Cure, No Pay. J. L. BRENNAN, Dept. A-14, Marshall, Mich.

TOBACCO-CURE One box cures Guaranteed or money back

Stops craving for tobacco in any form. Write for special offer ALLEN DISTRIBUTING CO. 328 Altman Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for three free books; inventions wanted; prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

X RAY Apparently look right through your friends with this little instrument. See the bones of the body. Its great. Satisfaction guar. Sent neatly packed, 10c Send now. X-RAY MFG. CO., Dept. A 34 Chicago

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Catalog for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 4-6, 60 Wabash, Chicago

32 NICE POST CARDS DIFFERENT SORTS, and a Good Magazine for one year The Whole Thing for only ten cents. WILLIAMS & CO., MC KINLEY PK., CHICAGO, ILL.

suppose you do likewise. This is the answer to ours:

"I am an only son. My father, a few months after I was born, together with his lifelong companion, our next-door neighbor, conceived the idea of uniting the family through the marriage of myself and the daughter of the neighbor.

"They took it for granted, as parents are in the way of doing that anything they did would meet with the approval of their children. The earliest recollections of my childhood do not date beyond the idea that Millie Brown, my playmate, was some day to be my wife.

"As we grew to adolescence, however, the proposition didn't look so simple. We were always the best of friends, but the idea of carrying out the babyhood engagement pact didn't look very attractive.

"Just before I came of age, I told my father very plainly that I would have nothing to do with it. I liked Millie Brown very well as a confidante and friend, but that was all.

My father was always good enough about giving me my way in things, but because I went at him wrong in this matter, and because he had his heart set on it, he said that we should carry out our part of the program. It availed nothing that I told him that Millie looked at it in something the same way as myself. He refused to take our decision seriously, and said that I should do as he bade me in this matter, or leave the shadow of his roof forever.

"I followed the latter course, and for eight years heard nothing of him whatever, though by one of the oddities of fate, Millie Brown, orphaned and forced to earn her own livelihood, came to the same place in the West where I had located.

"One day a letter came from the old physician who had doctored our town for two generations, telling me that my father was in a bad way, and that he carried on almost constantly about me and my disobedience to his wishes.

"My father and I had had but the one quarrel in our life together, and I felt awfully bad about the news. I got to wondering if there wasn't some way I could ease the old man's heart during his declining years.

"I talked it over with Millie. Millie was always an odd girl, with a touch of melodrama in her system. She said that we might go out and hold up a pressroom long enough to run off a paper containing the announcement of our wedding. I pooh-poohed the idea, but she stuck to it, until the old outlaw blood in some ancestor cropped out in my system, and I said I would do it. My knowledge of pressroom work would enable me to put the job through all right.

"It took Millie quite a while to convince me that she ought to come along, but I finally agreed to it. We made the one concession to law and order, in that the revolver with which we conducted our operations was not loaded.

"Well, you know the rest, excepting the finale, which was quite in keeping with the whole crazy plan of things.

"After we pulled out from your place that morning, we had not gotten more than a mile away before Millie began to cry, kind of soft-like to herself, but I could feel her shake. I stopped and asked her what was the matter.

"She sobbed all the harder. I tried to reassure her, but it didn't seem to do much good. In fact, it made things worst. Well, the more desperate she got, the more excited I got, until I don't know just how it all came about, but the next thing I knew, I had my arm about her shoulders, and was saying all kinds of nice things to her, and she had her head on my breast.

"Right out there on the country road, with that 'phoney' wedding announcement and that little old cheap revolver in my overcoat pocket, we got really acquainted with each other, and found out how much we had really wanted each other for so many years of our lives, and realized what a lot of joy the stubbornness of a couple of old people and ourselves had cost us.

"We started the machine up, as soon as we had straightened out the tangled skein and got our plans readjusted, and when the first deputy reported for duty at the county clerk's office at the county seat that morning, he found us sitting on the steps of the courthouse waiting for him, like a couple of lovesick kids. Within an hour thereafter, our wedding was over, and we were on our way to the old home in the East.

"We are sending you herewith a copy of the 'phoney' announcement, which we shall no longer need, with our best wishes."

* * *

Unflattering.

A sheriff of Edinburgh had forgotten his twopenny ticket. When asked for his fare he said: "I've already paid it."

"Then where's the ticket, mon?"

"I've e'en lost it."

"Then you must pay again."

"Come, now—look me in the face an' see if I'm the manner o' man that'd lie for twopence?"

The cashtaker stared into his face for a full minte. Then he stuck out his hand and said, "Give me the twopence or be put aff th' car!"

Agents Are Making Big Money

Organizing Moxley Butterine Clubs

Wm J. MOXLEY'S
GOLDKREME
OLEOMARGARINE
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED UNDER THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF JUNE 30 1906. EST. 406

Write for information

Wm. J. Moxley

Randolph and Clinton Sts.

Chicago

Best Spread for Bread

Moxley's High Grade Butterine

Delicious, pure, wholesome; always clean.
Certificate U. S. Gov. inspection on every package.

BETTER THAN BUTTER. COSTS MUCH LESS.

THIS 2-GALLON DEMIJOHN OF RICH, AGED DETRICK WHISKEY $4.50

For Years This Liquid Joy Has Been Within The Happy Staves of Oak, Longing to Touch The Lips of Man.

Bottled at Detrick's Registered Distillery, No. 60

AGED IN BOND
Detrick's Fine Old Whiskey
4 Full Quarts 2.50
EXPRESS PREPAID
Detrick's Fine Old Whiskey
2 GALLONS $4.50
IN GLASS DEMIJOHN
Express Prepaid

A rare old whiskey—the finest stock we have ever put out at these wonderfully low prices. It is double copper distilled whiskey—absolutely pure. It has the imprisoned sunshine of the ripe grain from which it was made and the flavor that only the highest art of the distiller can produce. Aged in Government Bonded Warehouse in charred oak casks to produce the smooth, mellow flavor and healthful tonic properties that none but the finest of pure whiskies possess. Excellent for medicinal purposes.

4 FULL QUARTS $2.50 **2 GALLONS IN DEMIJOHNS $4.50**

Detrick Pays the Express Charges

The age and quality are guaranteed by us and it is sold with the understanding that money will be refunded if on test you do not find it the best whiskey, everything considered, you ever drank. The name **Detrick** stands for good, honest, well made whiskey. Every one who has tasted Detrick's quality is our reference. Buy whiskey direct from the Detrick Distillery if you want cost prices and full value for your money.

Important: These prices are only on the first order. We make absolutely no profit and only sell at these figures to induce a trial order and prove to you what a splendid liquor this is. A handsome Toast Jug filled with fine old whiskey included FREE on first orders. Address nearest office.

DETRICK DISTILLING COMPANY
Dept. 23, Dayton, Ohio, or Chattanooga, Tenn.

Orders for and west of the Rocky Mountain states must be at the rate of 4 full quarts for $4.00; 2-gallon demijohn $6.00. We pay the express.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow **ten days free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent*.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices**.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be **astonished** at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer*.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each**. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices**.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

$29.50 Buys This Elegant Top Buggy.

WARRANTED FOR Five Years.

Retail Price $60.00. Buggies, Surreys, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons. We have cut out our Jobbers, our Wholesalers and our Retailers and offer YOU their profit. Write today for our

Free Catalog and Delivered Prices.

Mutual Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Station 10 J, East St. Louis, Ill.

BOYS! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week selling the BLADE and LEDGER. These are the two greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickle you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. You sell the papers on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can send back the headings of all papers you can't sell, and we won't charge you for them. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

..........................Fill this out and send it to us today..........................

W. D. BOYCE CO.
600 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago, Ill. Ad. 2.
I want to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Please send me..........papers.

NAME..
Street or R. F. D. No..
Age.......Town.......................... State..........

The Baron's Revenge.

(Continued from page four.)

ing by his side constantly, to protect him in case of danger. One look at the bed, where Winters lay fully dressed, told all that they had come to late—the man was dead. A sudden horror filled Armand's and Maintland's souls, as this conviction came home to them with a shock. Only a few hours before that rigid corpse had been drinking with them, laughing and joking, with apparently many years of life before him. The doctor had hastened to the bed, had felt the icy hand and then had shaken his head sadly, saying:

"He has been dead several hours."

The chief of police, looking around the room, added, in surprise:

"There does not seem to have been a struggle, from the looks of the apartment."

The fire had died out, leaving a few warm ashes in the hearth. Every chair was in its place, every rug was smooth and unruffled. Suddenly, the doctor, who stooped to examine better the face of the corpse, leaped back with a cry, causing the others to start back also.

"What is it?" asked the hunchback, knowing very well what the other had seen.

"There, there! Look!" and the doctor pointed. As he spoke, the spider, which after its feast of blood, had fallen asleep beside its victim, began creeping over the body, across the white counterpane, down to the floor, attracted, as it were, by the sight of other prey. A cry of horror broke from every throat, as the noisome thing came in sight. There, at last, was the famous castle's ghost! For once it had lingered too long behind, after having accomplished its work of destruction. Such was the thought which flashed in all minds, as they gazed fascinated upon the creeping, hairy thing coming toward them. The hunchback waited until every one had seen the spider and could testify to its existence. Then, seizing a heavy bronze statue from the mantel, he crushed it beneath the weight, grinding it to a pulp.

"Stop!" suddenly cried Maintland, pulling Le Bossu back. "Don't destroy it completely. It would make an interesting specimen for a museum. I have never seen a spider of that size before."

But it was already too late, the spider was but a pulpy mass of blood and hairy legs. The hunchback had wished it thus. This unreasoning tool of his vengeance must perish when it could no longer be of use to him, for it also had had its share in the bloody tragedy of twenty-five years before, and like the others, it, too, must die by his hand. The doctor, who had recovered from his first moment of fright, had returned to the bed and continued his examination.

"Look," he suddenly remarked, showing two bluish spots at Winters' throat. 'Here is where the spider caught the victim to bleed him to death. It struck right into the jugular vein.

Upon seeing the spider, Armand had sunk half-fainting on the settee, as the truth had flashed upon him like a bolt of lightning. That man, lying without life on the bed, was the one who had betrayed his mother into the hands of the Radips, and that noisome spider was the one that, years before, had drained his mother's blood, as during the past night it had that of her betrayer. And while the others busied themselves either around the bed, where lay the victim, or on the carpet, where was the crushed form of the spider, the young man relived in thought that scene described to him by his father, scarcely a month before. He was aroused from his thoughts by a hand being placed on his shoulder, and a voice murmuring in his ear:

Your mother is now fully avenged."

He looked up. The hunchback was bending over him, a light of bliss on his face. Armand seized the hand resting on his shoulder and brought it down to his lips, kissing it in reverential awe. Le Bossu drew it away, looking around to see if any one had seen them. Then, as no one was looking, he followed the impulse of his heart, so long hungry for love; and pulling Armand back toward him, he kissed him on the brow. Immediately, as though ashamed of his weakness, he hurried to the group beside the bed

The hunchback's plans had been so well arranged, that, though a very minute investigation followed Lord Winters' death, no one was blamed for it but the spider. Working on the old legend, he had arranged everything so that no one could trace the crime to him, and the finding of the spider with the victim seemed to give the explanation of the other deaths which were said to have occurred in the haunted room. With the false hope of a treasure, he had lured his victim to the castle. Then, through the same greed of gold, he had caused him to sleep in the one room of the castle where the death could be credited as having a natural cause.

* * * * *

Six months later Armand married Lady Maintland, who from the first had returned his love. The hunchback, though living in a pavilion near the Count's Toulouse mansion, only goes to see them when asked by the young wife. He does not want to intrude his deformity upon her. When, after several months of marriage, Armand announced to his father that they were expecting an heir, the old man had cried.

"May it be a girl, Armand, for then I should feel as though the soul of my lost Nereje had returned to cheer my remaining years."

The hunchback's wish was granted, Antoinette giving birth to a baby girl. "Call her Nereje," had pleaded the old man, and again his wish had been granted.

Now, on warm afternoons, in the Jardin Royal in Toulouse, one can often see an aged cripple playing with and watching over a child of three or four, and when the old man calls to the baby, the way he pronounces the name, "Nereje," is so full of tenderness, that is more like the call of a lover to his sweetheart. To the hunchback it is as if his love of the past has been returned to him, and he is happy, the twenty-five years of his vengeance remaining in his mind like the dim recollection of a nightmare, which the light of day has dispelled.

The End.

* * *

Had a Great System.

Wilbur C. Phillips, the child welfare worker, tells a story to show how systematized work will usually bring the desired end.

A pedler climbed to the sixth floor of an apartment house in an attempt to sell his wares. The first man he met he insisted should buy some of his goods. Finally he made himself such a nuisance that the unfeeling tenant of the apartment picked him up and threw him down the stairs.

A man standing on the fifth floor hearing the racket, glanced up and took in the situation. When the peddler came crashing down to the fifth floor this man picked him up and threw him down the next stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the pedler on by throwing him down the next flight. This continued until the poor peddler finally landed on on the first floor with a crash.

"Gee! but they got some system up there," he said ruefully, as he picked himself up and walked painfully out into the street.

* * *

Father's Busy Day.

"Work!" exclaimed Jones, after a particularly hard day at the office. "Don't talk to me of work! What do you know about it, pray?"

Stay-at-home Smith smiled thoughtfully. "Well, I know just a little bit," he said. "For instance, since I rose this morning I've put down a linoleum, laid three carpets, papered four rooms, set up a stove, swept out the hall— "

"My dear boy!" cried Jones compassionately.

"—mended a chair," continued Smith, "made a couple of beds, set the table thrice, washed up the things afterward, shifted a piano and a bureau, and hung nine pictures!"

"Poor old chap!" gasped Jones. "Did your wife make you do all that?"

"No; my little girl did, replied Smith. "I've just given her a doll's house."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

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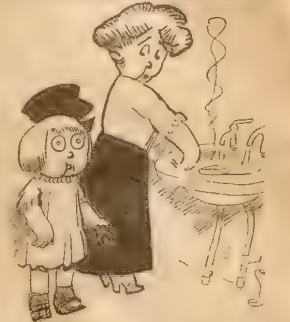

Mother—Come, dear; come and wash your hands.

Little Girl—Dear me! Sometimes I fink hands are more trouble than they're worf.

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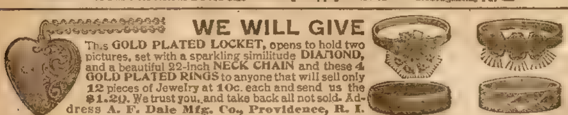

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This GOLD PLATED LOCKET, opens to hold two pictures, set with a sparkling similitude DIAMOND, and a beautiful 22-inch NECK CHAIN and these 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c. each and send us the $1.20. We trust you, and take back all not sold. Address A. F. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

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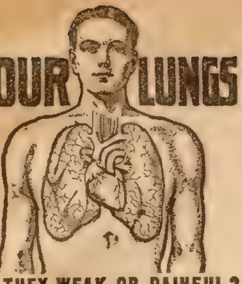

YOUR LUNGS

ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble,

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You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.

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Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodby forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels, swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-207, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Snaring Maiden Feet.

(Continued from page eleven.)

Presently the girl came back to the table and sat down. The man with the inquisitive eyes went away, with a parting glance at Ruth, and the cashier watched the clock for quitting time.

"Gracious me!" the girl said, in a moment. "Did you notice that fresh cop? He's a plain clothes man I meet at the shop occasionally."

Ruth shivered at the words, but the other went on, seeming not to notice the agitation which was not to be concealed.

"And what do you think he asked me?" the girl continued. "It was about you. He wanted to know where you came from, and how long I had known you, and where I picked you up tonight. I'd a' bumped his face if we hadn't been in here."

Ruth was now certain that the man had discovered her identity, and that she would be taken back to the police station. She had no idea what charge could, or would, be placed against her, but with the common shrinking of humanity from plain clothes men the girl was in a panic of fear. In a moment she asked, her napkin at her lips to muffle the terror in her voice:

"What did you tell him?"

"Hun! It wasn't any of his business, was it?" the other asked. "He'd no right to come butting into our little banquet. What? I told him you were my cousin from Wisconsin, and that you were going to stay in the city for a spell. Say, but he looked odd when I told him that. That's a bully little girl—the cashier. She backed me up."

"I'm glad," Ruth managed to say. "I was afraid you'd——"

She stopped and lifted her napkin to her face

"Say," the other said, "my name's Nellie Lyon, not Butinsky. You needn't tell me a thing. I won't listen to it. You're scared half to death, and you might say something you'd be sorry for. I'll give a 'fly cop' a 'bum steer' any old time I get half a chance. Believe me!"

"I thank you," Ruth said. "I'm in trouble, and——"

"Well," said Nellie, almost rudely, "you have no call to unload on me if you are. You keep your face closed until you get over shaking. You're going home with me tonight, and you're my cousin from Wisconsin. Understand? If we meet that fly one on the way there, I'll introduce you, and you invite him up to a hayride. What?"

But if the plain clothes man followed the girls home they did not see him. They sat for a short time chatting with other girl roomers in a little sitting-room open to all the lodgers, and then Ruth was shown to a room, Nellie going down the long hall with her, and to the very door of her apartment.

"Sleep just as long as you like in the morning, kid," Nellie said, her hand on the half closed door, "and get your eats before you go out. I'll be off early, so you won't see me. Good luck to you."

She blew a kiss toward the forlorn girl sitting on the one chair and closed the door

Once alone in the hall outside the door, however, Nellie's face took on a troubled expression. She walked to her own room with a frown on her face, turned back, but again changed her mind and entered.

"That's Ruth Holme, the girl the evening papers are crazy about," she said, as she closed her door, "and Mike Schobey knows I lied to him about the cousin stunt."

Schobey was the officer who had questioned Nellie in the restaurant, and the girl had every reason to believe that he would follow on to the house and continue his investigations there.

"I have no special interest in Ruth Holme," Nellie mused, "only she looks like the goods for a friend, and the newspapers say nothing can be shown against her. If she is running away, it is none of my business, and I'll help her if I can."

She mused a moment, and then picked up an evening newspaper which had been laid at her door. There were job-type headlines concerning the Holme case on the first page, but Nellie ignored them and opened to the dramatic advertisements.

"It is a sure thing that Mike Schobey will stick about here until he noses out something about the child," she considered. "She's such a baby she'll give herself away, all right, to the first man that works the third degree on her. I guess it is her for the provinces.

Turning her light low, Nellie passed out, locked the door, and entered a room down the hall—a room from which a bright light was streaming and from which came the sound of girlish laughter. Two attractive, clear-eyed girls of twenty, who were busy with a heap of dresses and cloaks, looked up as she entered and shut the door after her.

"Hello, Nellie!" one of them said. "Who's your friend?"

"Right smart pretty girl," the other broke in.

"I came to tell you about her," Nellie said.

"You've got your cue," the first speaker, observed, drawing a skirt with long rips in the seams from the heap. "Cut in while we patch up this wardrobe. We're going out with a one-night party for the holidays, and we're going to make these has-beens do for the 'rubes.' Speak your lines while we tinker up the properties."

"I know," Nellie said, "you're going out with the "Only Girl" combination, and you're going out into the tall timber, if the walking holds out. That's what I came to see you about. It is for my friend."

"No chance in our combine," Jean, the blue-eyed girl, said. "We're carrying excess baggage now in the way of talent."

"You just wait," Nellie said, and the three girls bent their heads together over the wardrobe in process of repair, and talked long and earnestly.

The continuation of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

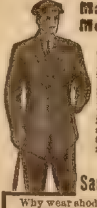
* * *

The Coroner's Request.

"Where was he struck by the automobile?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebræ," answered the surgeon.

"Will you please point that out on the map?" asked the coroner, indicating one that hung on the wall.



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Where can you duplicate this offer? Your tailor would ask $25 to $30 for the same suit. Why pay him such an enormous price for no better suit? We have been making honest tailored clothes at the lowest possible prices for over 15 years. We have thousands of satisfied customers. We make suits and overcoats to order for $12 to $24, prepay express and guarantee a perfect fit.

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Why wear shoddy ill-fitting clothes? Just make your selection from our Style Book, which contains cloth samples, the latest designs and Fashion plates, showing the classiest, swellest styles ever created, that will mark you as a tasty, modish dresser.

Remember, we guarantee to fit you—we tailor to your exact measurement, cut and trimmed exactly as you want it. The Fort Dearborn National Bank of Chicago will tell you that we are responsible. There is positively no chance for a mistake with our simple, yet perfect, system of home measuring. Be sure and write today for our free samples. Local agent wanted in your territory.

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I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 142, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 157, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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We will send you an illustrated book on the Care of the Hair FREE. It tells you how you can easily restore your hair to any desired shade. It certainly is worth a postal.
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SUFFERED EVERYTHING

For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health. "I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."—Mrs. HENRY LEISEBERG, 743 Adams St.

Kearneysville, W. Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet.

"After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

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Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Short lies often cast long shadows.

Learn what not to do—then don't do it.

An embarrassment of riches—poor relations.

Too many men take all their grist to the gin mill

Usually a man is a poor judge of his own importance.

Bad luck is often but another name for poor management.

A man's long face may be due to the fact that he is short.

The thing you expect generally comes in an unexpected shape.

Some women are passing fair—and some others cannot pass.

Wise men worry over a lot of things that fools never think of.

A girl has reached the marriageable age when the right chap asks her.

While he is about it, the self-made man should make himself agreeable.

Give the average dog a bone and he will be satisfied to go without a license.

Many a girl fails to select the right husband because she is afraid of being left.

A man may avoid a great deal of trouble by not following his own judgment.

Some men are like postage stamps; you've got to lick 'em before they will do their duty.

It would save people a lot of trouble if they could be born with their wisdom teeth already cut.

We always feel sorry for a stuttering man who is trying to put in a good word for himself.

When a woman is in doubt she can prove that she isn't by arguing about it with her husband.

During leap year it's a young man's cue to sit up and take notice if a girl asks him how much his income is.

A man may be handy with either his hands or his feet—and that's the difference between a knocker and a kicker.

It takes nerve to enable a man to hieve success—and a lot more to en- him to explain satisfactorily why t.

to one's reputation is onous. Perhaps that is ke to get away from

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Just Growing.

During a recent visit to a Southern town a Washington man was much interested in a small darky who had been told off to administer to his wants.

One morning the stranger opened his eyes to find the diminutive, coal-black servitor standing at his bedside with a tray bearing coffee and rolls.

"Who are you, anyhow?" facetiously demanded the Washingtonian.

The taciturn youngster vouchsafed no reply, but grinned broadly.

"Where were you raised?" next inquired the visitor, with a vague notion that this was an opening question.

The little darky grinned again and chuckled:

"I ain't done raised yit, suh!"

All Wrong but Father.

Everett J. Lake, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, tells a story on himself, as follows:

"As you know, I am a member of that gorgeous organization, the Governor's Foot Guards. At the inauguration of the late Governor Lilley, the Foot Guards, of course, were in the big parade, which in its route had to pass my home. As we approached the house, I noticed my wife and son on the porch, with eyes wide open for papa. To impress the boy with his father's importance, my chest went out a few inches more than usual, so that he might have a good view of the numerous medals and decorations resting on my massive front. I certainly thought I was the real thing in that parade until I heard my boy say to his mother: 'Oh, ma! Look how nice they all are, but everybody's out of step but father.' "

Effete Urbanites.

Mr. Hayseed—Well, them city fellers beat me. They wear garters.

Mrs. Hayseed—Sakes alive! What fer?

Mr. Hayseed—T' keep their socks from fallin' down over their shoes. I s'pose they air too lazy t' wash their legs.

Not Anxious.

Mr. Slimpurse—I'm afraid if you marry you will want to begin where your parents left off.

Miss De Rich—Mercy, no! They fight like cats and dogs.

Where the Fruit Grows.

Michael Casey, a politician in San Francisco, who has been in office and on the city pay roll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall, "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"

An Ancient Idea.

"The remains of that mastodon," said the scientist in the museum, "were found buried in an iceberg."

"H'm," responded the man from Chicago, "that cold- storage idea isn't so new, after all."

A Home Thrust.

While in Richmond recently for the performance of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked how she stood on the votes for women question.

She replied that she didn't "stand at all," and told a story about a New England farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote. "No, I certainly don't! I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness' sake let 'em do it!" she replied.

Told It All.

If brevity is the soul of wit, one of the wittiest speeches on record was made by a woman. Mrs. Briggs lived in the northern part of Indiana, a long distance from any village. Hearing that Rev. Mr. Goodwin was to preach in a township some twenty miles distant, she resolved to be present, and, as no other way afforded, she walked the twenty miles.

The pastor heard of this, and was so pleased at the appreciation which it showed that at the close of the sermon he mentioned the fact to the congregation and called upon Mrs. Briggs to tell them how she came.

Rising slowly, she looked over the audience with great solemnity and said:

"I hoofed it."

Then she sat down again.

Goats For the Topers.

One of Boston's women doctors has found that by drinking goats' milk people who crave alcoholic beverages can cure themselves. Efforts should at once be made to get the inebriates goats.

A Common Inheritance.

"Abroad they take all Americans for millionaires," said Henry E. Dixey at the Players' Club in New York, "but as a matter of fact the majority of us are a good deal like Brewster."

" 'Grandma,' said Brewster's young son one day, 'which of my parents do I resemble?' "

" 'Both,' the grandmother answered. 'You have your mother's remarkable capacity for spending money and your father's absolute genius for not making it.' "

A Woman's Curiosity.

A Horton woman, says Charlie Browne, went into a butcher shop and asked to see a twenty-five-pound piece of meat. The butcher cut off a chunk weighing that amount and asked her where she wanted it delivered.

"Oh, I don't want to buy it," said she. "The doctor told me I must reduce my weight that much, and I only wanted to see how much it would be."

Bessie Wasn't That Kind.

"I woulun't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the well-dressed young stranger, "that's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man, as he drank the cup dry, "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your sister, isn't she?"

"Not much! Bessie is my dog."

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

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CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS—Along the C. & O. R'y. as low as $15 per acre; abundant rainfall; rich soil, mild winters; nearby eastern markets. Fertile 10-acre adjoining farms, $275; $20 acres, $500. Write today for our illustrated booklet, "Country Life in Virginia," 134 pages, and low excursion rates. Address K. T. Crawley, Industrial Agent, C & O Ry., Room 97, Richmond, Va.

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VIRGINIA Orchards Pay Big Profits—$350 on easy payments secures ten-acres apple orchard tract in beautiful Shenandoah Valley; other lands from $15 per acre up; write for beautiful booklets and excursion rates. F. A. LaBaume, Agricultural Agent, Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 4042, Roanoke, Virginia.

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MISCELLANEOUS

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold-plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

GENTLEMEN like our Books, Pictures, etc. 15 samples 10 cts. List for stamp. Ord Co., Long Beach, California.

WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT Railway Mail Clerks. Examinations everywhere soon. Prepare under personal supervision of former Secretary Civil Service Examiners. Common education sufficient. Farmers eligible. Write today for Booklet B. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, New York.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks — Average $90.00. Rapid Advancement. Every second week off duty with full pay. Short hours. No "lay-offs." Examinations everywhere May 4th. Common education sufficient. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers stand excellent chance. Write for free sample questions and schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-31, Rochester, New York.

PARAGON Shorthand learned in one week because remarkably simple. Speed practically unlimited. Used in Government service. Details free. Lichtentag, 8100 Camp, New Orleans, Louisiana

BIG Profits: Open a dyeing and cleaning establishment; little capital needed. We teach by mail, Booklet free. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 2-4, Charlotte, North Carolina

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LADIES Make supporters; $10 per 100, no canvassing, material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Desk 4, Chicago.

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AGENTS, both sexes. 400% profit; Gliding Casters; just out. A child can attach. Sell 12 to 100 in homes, hotels, offices—everywhere; 10c set; cost 3c; won't scratch floors; no noise; save carpets, furniture. Exclusive territory, samples 4c. Evergrip Co., Dept. J, 22 Warren Street, New York

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

DRY GOODS Remnants supplied to agents and storekeepers; bargains only. Remnant Store, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X 96, La Crosse, Wis.

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DRY POWDER Fire Extinguishers kill gasoline fires, give 350% profit; Automobiles and Motorcycles free. Richmond Chemical Company, 651 Richmond, Indiana

AGENTS WANTED Exclusive territory. Good chance to build up permanent business. Mail us $10 for 36-pound Feather Bed and receive without cost, 6-pound pair pillows. Freight on all prepaid. New feathers. Best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Turner & Cornwell, Feather Dealers, Dept. 74, Charlotte, N. C. Our reference: Commercial National Bank.

MUSICAL

SONG WRITERS: Sell your Song-Poems. Poems wanted at once. New idea. Only way for amateurs to make money. Write now. Fleming Studio, Room 502, Gaiety Theatre Building, New York

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PERSONAL.

FREE Life Reading; send birthdate and dime postage to Dr. Smith, Dept. 36, Saginaw, Michigan.

MARRY—Book of Descriptions; mailed sealed free, many wealthy. The Exchange, Box 525 A, Kansas City, Missouri.

MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free; sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

FREE Life Reading by Planets. Send birthdate. L. Zandt, Box 865, Portland, Maine.

MARRIAGE Paper, giving names, addresses and descriptions of 100 ladies, 10 cents. H. Strey, Plano, Illinois.

FUTURE, Past, Present revealed. Send dime and birthdate. Can astonish you. Madame Irene, 115 Second Street, Kewanee, Illinois, Dept. 4.

MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRIAGE Paper; highest character; incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

FREE—We will give you a reading by the stars absolutely free. Send no money. Send name, address and birthdate. Write plain. Star Reading Company, 106 North Burr Street, Kewanee, Illinois.

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minnesota.

LADIES, we will send a list of gentlemen who wish correspondents and will marry if suited, many rich, free. The Meteor, Dept. 21, Sedalia, Missouri.

FREE Reading by trance medium. Send date of birth—dime. Dr. Eagle, Saginaw, Michigan.

MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 764, Tekonsha, Michigan.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

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The Young Settlers;

Or, In the Days of Daniel Boone

By Captain Jack Judson

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Begun in No. 9, March 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication

CHAPTER XVI.

MATCHING SIMON GIRTY.

WHAT had become of Old Baldy Justin did not know. He fancied, however, that the vigilant backwoodsman was not asleep, and only hoped that he was near to do his part, if treason intended to turn the fort and its people over to the fury of the scarlet horde. Jack was on guard near the main gate, and too far away to be consulted

Suddenly there fell upon Justin's ears a step which he could not but hear. It was so near him that he fell back and tried to pierce the gloom which prevailed. He had barely fallen back when he was roughly seized by a pair of arms which encircled his body like the folds of a giant serpent

"A word means death!" was hissed in his ear

The heart of the boy guard seemed to leap into his throat. He struggled with all his might, but the terrible grip held him fast. He was suddenly flung against the logs, and sank to the ground

Some one was tugging at the fastenings of the gate! Justin heard as in a dream the forcing of the stout oaken barricades. He knew that treason was at work

He staggered to his feet, gathering his scattered senses as he did so, and let out a cry of warning. Then he caught sight of a man tugging at the heavy gate with all his might

A horrifying thought shot through Justin's brain The foe was outside! He darted at the man with uplifted rifle, and the weapon came down upon his head. At the same time the gate burst open. It was not so dark but that the heroic youth could see the painted faces at the stockade. He shouted again with all his power

"The foe! the foe!" cried he

There was running across the open ground within the stockade. The Indians were actually inside.

Old Baldy, who headed the backwoodsmen, threw himself forward, and with clubbed rifle struck right and left. The heroic Boone was at his side, dealing tremendous blows, and not far off was Kenton performing prodigies of valor. They cleared the gate, after furious fighting, and it was swung to and fastened. Four dead savages lay within the enclosure

"What do you think of Secor now?" cried Old Baldy, glaring at Simon Kenton "He's not among the dead an——"

At that moment Jack's voice was heard

"Where is Justin?" he exclaimed.

The scene was showered with the glare of torches, but Justin was gone!

The treachery which had nearly effected the capture of Boonesborough had had, after all, a sorrowful ending. Justin had fallen into the hands of the implacable foes of the whites. But for him, however, the Indians would have succeeded in their fell designs which had been aided by the man who, sailing under false colors, had called himself David Secor. This wretch had escaped.

Jack was overwhelmed with fear and sorrow when he discovered that Justin had been taken prisoner, and he looked at Old Baldy too amazed to speak.

"It's bad enough," said the old rifleman, "but, after all, it's better than havin' our scalps at the belts of the red varmints."

"That's a fact," admitted Jack. "They won't show Justin any mercy, though."

"They don't know what mercy is," was the reply. "Howsumever, we won't give up the ship, Jack.'

As for Justin, he had really fallen into the lion's mouth.

When the attacking party found that their attempt to seize the fort had proved abortive, they began to wreck their vengeance on Justin, who had been overpowered by two young warriors when he was fighting with all his might with clubbed weapon. He was carried off by the horde, glared at by the Indians, who shook their tomahawks in his face, and vowed that this time he would not be given a chance to get away.

"But for you, my young rat," cried the false Secor, "I would have played out my little game successfully."

"I'm glad I prevented," said Justin, looking him fairly in the face.

"You are, eh?"

"That I am, sir."

"Well, it's a sorry day for you."

The brute raised his hand and swept it across Justin's face in a manner which caused him to cry out with pain At this a stalwart savage, who had witnessed the stroke, sprang forward and pushed the white man back.

"White boy Indians' captive!" he exclaimed "Let the pale-faced Shawnee keep his blows to himself."

The renegade slunk away, nursing his wrath in no gentle manner, and was glared at by the Indian with flashing eyes. In truth, the red men had no love for the renegades who could turn against their own race, and, although they countenanced them, deep in their hearts they hated them with all the intensity of their savage natures

Seeing their inability to capture Boone's fort, the snarling lot withdrew taking the lone prisoner with them. Justin was closely watched, and, with his hands tied on his back, was compelled to keep up with the band, which he did with clenched teeth and the boldest mien he could assume. He felt that he was destined for the Shawnee town north of the great river

It was nearly daylight before a halt was made. This halt was brought about by a yell, which suddenly awoke the echoes of the forest, and a party of ten Indians, headed by a white man in savage garb, came in sight The white man was the renowned and merciless Simon Girty.

Justin eyed him with fearsome thoughts, for he knew the power which he exercised over the Indians. Girty's gaze fell upon the young borderer

"Back in the toils?" he exclaimed striding to where Justin stood. "They tell me that you prevented a victory.'

"I trust I saved Boonesborough ' was the reply.

Girty whirled on his heel and faced the watching savages

"Why take this young scamp to the village?" he demanded. "We owe defeat to his prowess, and shouldn't be long making an example of him."

"That's right, Simon," cried out the white spy. "I'm in for showing him that we can pay off old scores.'

The old leader of the band waved his hand and stepped back

Give the boy to us," said Girty

"Our white brothers can take him.'

Justin felt his heart sink in his bosom Girty laid his hand on his arm, and beckoning to the spy, led him away. The Indians looked on in silence for a moment, and then slowly followed

Not far from the spot stood a lone tree, whose branches reached far towards the heavens.

"Tie him up," commanded Girty in heartless tones, and the spy, equally merciless, proceeded to obey

In a few moments Justin was securely lashed to the elm. He expected no mercy at the hands of the white fiends

By this time the gray streaks of morning were darting through the forest, rendering objects quite clear. The boy had been divested of his hunting doublet, and stood half-naked at the mercy of his foes.

"We'll leave you to your reflections," said Girty. "And I don't think they will be of the happiest kind."

Justin did not know what to make of these words, and he was dumfounded when he saw Girty and the spy go back to the Indians, to whom they spoke in low tones. A minute later the boy was alone.

Turning his head, he saw the band filing off through the forest, but he could hardly believe that they had left him to the terrors of the wildwood. Surely some devilish plan had penetrated the brains of the renegade. The band soon vanished in the distance, and Justin saw nothing but the wilderness by which he was surrounded. He was unable to stir on account of his bonds, which cut into his flesh and almost drew moans of pain from him. What did it all mean?

He had had but little sleep for many hours, and at last tired nature asserted herself, his chin dropped upon his breast and, despite his situation, he slept. He was suddenly awakened by a strange noise, and upon opening his eyes, he found a knife sticking in the tree, within a hair's breadth of his cheek. The sight sent a thrill through every fiber.

He could see no one, but he knew that the knife had been cast by a practiced hand. His eye swept the forest in every direction, but the knife thrower was so securely hidden that his gaze could not single him out. He pretended to sleep again, and his eyes had hardly closed, when, whiz! came another knife and buried its point on the other side of his face.

Then it was that he caught sight of an object partially sheltered by a tree not far away. Almost at the same moment a shot rang out, and rushing through the forest, came a lunging bear of gigantic proportions, growling out his pain as he came forward.

The huge brute stopped at sight of the boy bound to the tree, and glared at him from the depths of his pig-like eyes. Rage was in every muscle of the great brute's frame, and after sniffing the air

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All I had to do was to remove the cause, and I swear under oath, that by my simple method, without drugs, medicine, harmful exercises or starvation diet, I reduced my weight 37 pounds in five weeks, and I guarantee that I can do the same for you. I do not use medicine of any kind, or worthless stuff to rub on the body. Just a simple home treatment that even a child can use without harm. Through this marvelous combination home treatment, I succeeded because I had found the right way I can now climb to the summit of Pike's Peak with ease. I could not do that until I had taken off 37 pounds of my ponderous weight, my new way
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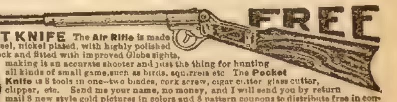

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for a moment, he came forward and looked into Justin's face with real brutish [illegible]. There was something strange in the [illegible]'s actions, for he seemed not to understand why a boy had been offered up to his fiendishness in such a singular manner.

"From Indian to bear is not a pleasant transition," thought the helpless youth. "Old Ephraim can't understand the situation. He is puzzled."

Blood was streaming from the animal's side, and now and then he stared at his wound in senseless rage. The figure which Justin had observed behind the tree was not to be seen, though he believed that it was still there

The bear, after taking observations, seemed to conclude that it was time to open the ball, for he suddenly bounded forward and halted within a few feet of his prey. At that same moment, the man behind the tree stepped into the light and composedly folded his arms. It was Simon Girty!

The renegade did not speak, but Justin saw by his eyes that he was enjoying the scene. If he could only have turned his four-footed enemy upon the king of renegades, the boy would have been delighted, though he knew that Girty was armed.

Bruin made a pass at the helpless youth and snarled viciously. Girty broke into a low laugh. At that moment a cry sounded behind the renegade. The bear turned, and for the first time noticed the white Indian. The following second he had abandoned Justin and made for Simon.

Girty immediately sprang toward the tree, and reached hurriedly for his rifle, but at that very instant he tripped and fell headlong on his face. There was a grunt from the bear, and before Girty could rise, he was in the monster's grip.

Then came a desperate struggle between man and brute. Girty trying to break the ferocious hug of the forest fiend, and the bear, on the other hand, exerting all his strength to overpower his opponent. Never before, in the wild wilderness of the old frontier, did a man have such a desperate encounter with a mad animal.

Suddenly Justin saw something else, which for a moment took his eye from the scene before him. A young Indian had come into view. Justin noted the beautiful feathers in his headdress, and saw that he was the embodiment of manly beauty.

The young brave coolly contemplated the battle between Girty and the bear, without the slightest disposition to aid the white man. The animal had been too desperately wounded to continue the contest long, and when, with a death groan, he rolled away from the renegade Girty got upon his feet with a cry of joy

"Pretty tough tussle, eh?" he cried, gazing at Justin. "It takes a good bear to put Simon Girty out of the world."

Simon looked at his torn garments, and then at the dead monarch of the wilderness.

"I'll take a little more knife practice," said he, advancing toward Justin.

"White man, stop!"

At sound of the voice the renegade whirled, and for the first time noticed the immobile young Indian who had covered him with his rifle. The brow of the renegade darkened like a thundercloud.

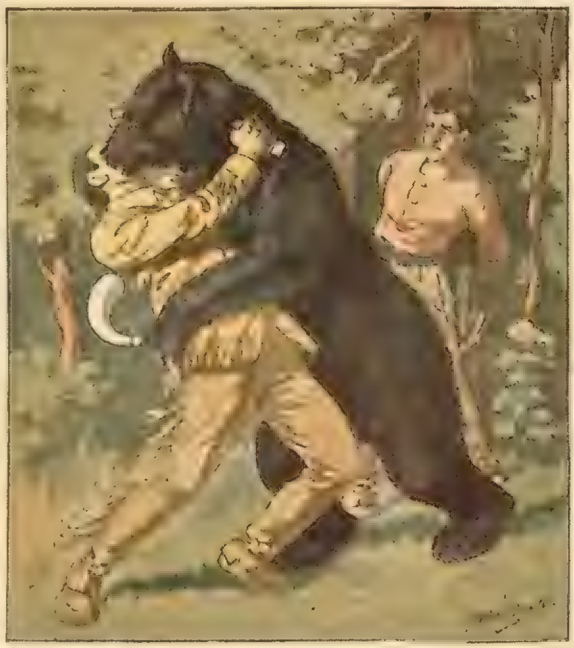
"Who are you?" he snarled

"It is Red Mink who speaks," was the answer. "White boy once kind to [illegible]. Captain Girty will go back to his forest lair."

A curse fell from the renegade's lips.

"Go!" thundered Red Mink, "or the scalp of the white Indian will be torn from his head."

Simon Girty had been matched at last.



He was in the monster's grip.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Verily the defense which Jack and Justin had put up for Red Mink, when he was a prisoner in Boone's fort, had borne fruit. As the form of Simon Girty disappeared over the crest of a small hill, the young Shawnee severed the bonds which secured Justin to the tree, and held out his hand.

"Captain Girty coward," said Red Mink, with a contemptuous smile. "Him not brave when a rifle faces him."

"All such villains are cowards," returned Justin, as he fervently pressed the outstretched hand. "I wish the bear had finished him."

After this the youth detailed the attempt to surprise Boonesborough by treachery, and Red Mink rejoiced that the treason had not succeeded.

"Red Mink has a lodge in the forest," resumed the young Indian. "If white boy go there he will be safe from the trailers. Captain Simon no dare come there."

The two plunged deeper into the forest, and at length reached a deep ravine, in the midst of which the Shawnee parted a lot of low overhanging bushes, and disclosed a snug retreat, which he invited Justin to enter. The place was in the nature of a cave, which extended far back into the bank. It gave evidence of being inhabited at times, and Red Mink informed his friend that he sometimes came hither and rested after the chase.

"It takes more than a bear to smell out Red Mink's lodge," said the Indian. "We come here now and then and eat and sleep."

The day passed slowly, but not unpleasantly, to Justin. His red companion was good company, and, as he could speak fair English, he narrated some of his famous hunting exploits, which would be worth the telling even now, if we did not have to follow the fortunes of our backwoods characters.

"Red Mink go out now and look around," said the Indian, as the shades of night once more deepened everywhere. "White boy stay here and no move."

Justin readily promised to keep within the cavern, and saw Red Mink depart.

"That's what I call a friend in need," thought Justin. "Kenton, in his hatred of everything red, would kill Red Mink without mercy, but I will stand between him and danger, if ever the opportunity is offered."

It was a lonely vigil for Justin. He doubted not that Old Baldy and Jack, solicitious for his welfare, would take the trail in hopes of rescuing him from his captors, and he hoped that good fortune would lead them to the cave.

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Red Mink's retreat was well supplied with weapons, for before departing he had placed a rifle in Justin's hands, as well as a hatchet.

Suddenly there came a long cry, which at first Justin thought was the call of the gray night-hawk. It reverberated through the forest beyond the entrance, and the boy listened for its repetition. The answer was not long delayed, for similar calls reached his ears, and he listened with all ears.

As the sounds died away, Justin found Red Mink's tinder-box, and, striking a light set to explore the place. Provided with a torch, he penetrated far back into the cavern, and at last came to the end of it. When he came back to the little fire he had started, he recoiled with a sudden cry.

Straight ahead shone a pair of eyes that sent his blood cold through every vein. He had seen such eyes before, and knew that some wild denizen of the forest had invaded the Indian's retreat.

Not daring to shoot for fear of bringing down upon him some prowling savage, he continued to watch the glowing orbs. They remained stationary, but the fierce gleams increased. He felt that he was confronted by a panther, the sleek king of the wilderness, and knew that, armed only with rifle and hatchet, he would have but little chance for his life if the beast charged.

Suddenly, with a half-human cry, the animal sprang past Justin, and vanished in the rear of the cave. The panther must have heard something behind him, and Justin was not long coming to this conclusion.

"Thar's footsteps in the ground here," said a voice that thrilled him.

"That's as plain as a nose on a man's face," was the answer. "I wonder if it's a retreat o' some kind?"

Justin immediately stamped out the last embers of his fire, and picked up the rifle. If enemies had found his retreat, they should pay dearly for their good fortune.

He distinctly heard the cracking of bushes, as those before the cavern advanced into it. All at once the waning light showed him two stooping figures, and he hugged the bare wall as he gazed. What was his horror when he saw before him the greatest rascals of the frontier, Simon Girty and Mike Nullen.

"Thar's a fire yonder," said one of the men. "I say, Captain, we've hit a habitation."

As yet unperceived, Justin held his rifle ready, and his breath as well. Discovery was imminent. He could not long escape the prying eyes of the wilderness pests.

"What's that against the wall yonder?" suddenly startled Justin. "Look, Simon! By my life! it's the boy."

Justin was silent no longer.

"Stand where you are!" cried he. "I am not defenseless this time, Captain Girty."

The two men rose and confronted him.

"Lift a weapon and I'll end your career!" continued the boy thus brought to bay. "I'd as soon shoot Simon Girty as a wolf."

The terror of the backwoods uttered a harsh oath.

"You might kill one of us, that's a fact, boy, but the other would get you."

"Not without a fight!" challenged Justin.

"Whar's the young redskin?"

"Nearer than you think."

"It's false! You're alone and at our mercy."

"Try your trick and see."

"You don't intend to fight both of us, lad?"

"I don't intend to fall into your hands, if I can help it!"

The brutal faces of the two renegades told Justin that no mercy would be shown if he fell into their power.

"Did the red bring you here?" asked Girty.

"What if he did?" retorted the boy.

"This is his retreat, then? I say, Mike, we might finish the white rat, and then wait for the red one."

Justin shifted his position a little, but did not remove his gaze from his foes.

"Drop your gun!"

This command only caused Justin to tighten his grip.

"There will be twenty Shawnees here in ten seconds," continued Simon.

"That is one of your lies, Captain Girty!"

"Wait and see. Drop the gun, I say."

Justin replied to this by sending the rifle against his shoulder ,and his eye flashed along the barrel.

"Go!" he cried. I will not spare the man who lingers here another moment."

At this Mike Nullen threw his figure near the ground, and darted across the narrow space that intervened. It was a chance shot, for the renegade had acted with the quickness of lightning, and the bullet sped away.

It was Nullen's sudden trickery that saved his life, for the ball narrowly missed his head, and flattened itself against the wall of the cavern. The report had not died away ere Girty, with a loud cry, launched himself forward, and before Justin could resort to Red Mink's tomahawk, he had been seized.

"How do you like this?" cried the renegade, as he twined his strong arms about Justin. "I can hug like the big bear that had me in his grip awhile back."

The boy doubted not, for the arms held him as in the grip of a steel vise. He could look into the eyes of Simon Girty and see no mercy there.

"I guess you'll never be much of an enemy when we're through with you!" grinned Captain Simon. "I'm for killing little snakes as well as big ones, for the little ones grow up and sting."

Justin was dragged forward and thrown upon the ground. As the two villains stood over him, he looked up into their faces, but did not speak. Oh, if Red Mink would return!

The hope had barely formed in his mind, when the men started and glanced toward the back of the cavern. Something had emitted a low growl there, and the next instant there leaped into the light the tawny panther which had preceded the renegades.

"A cat!" ejaculated Mike Nullen.

The beast had crouched in full view, his eyes glowing like animated coals and his long tail making circles above his hideous head.

"Quick, Mike!" cried Girty.

Justin saw Nullen raise his weapon and cover the brute. The cave rang with the deadly report, and the panther, leap-

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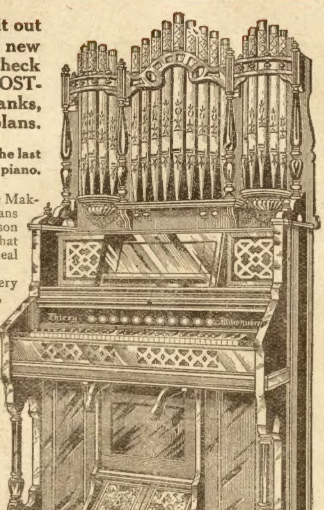

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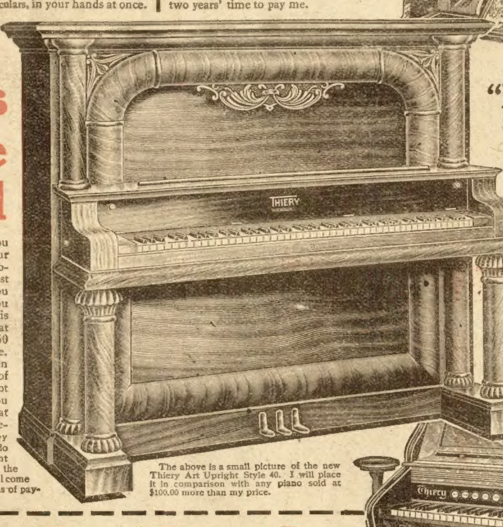

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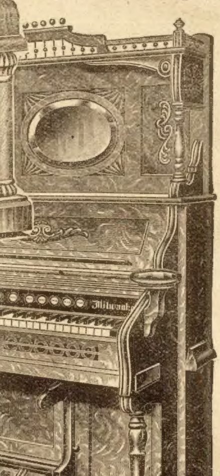

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ing into the air, fell struggling at the feet of the two renegades. Not long, however, did he remain there, for he suddenly sprang up and fell upon Girty. Simon had prepared for just such action, for he had whipped out his hunting knife and was slashing away at the tawny hide with all his might. The panther soon fell to the ground, his body cut into strips, and Girty's boot kicked it away.

"Now there's nothing between us, boy!" he cried, in hilarious glee.

Nothing? There was a noise toward the entrance to the cavern, and the two fiends whirled on their heels.

"To the other end of the cave!" shouted Simon Girty. "The beast must have got in that way."

At the same time he seized Justin, and with his companion darted forward. Whether Red Mink knew it or no, there was a back entrance, and the rascals found it. They dashed aside the bushes which hid it, and were soon in the open air. Justin heard voices and the rush of feet behind him.

"On! on!" exclaimed Girty. "We've got the boy and we'll finish him after awhile."

Justin was literally dragged over the rough ground, with a ruffian on each side of him. He was forced into a rugged ravine and hurried on. Escape seemed hopeless, and as the grip of his captors tightened, he gave himself up for lost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE TRAIL.

Well might Justin surrender hope when he found himself in the power of such villains as Simon Girty and Mike Nullen. They had cursed the frontier so long, that all the whites hoped and prayed that their end was near. The boy prisoner dared not impede the progress of his captors, for they would not hesitate to brain him, and leave him for his friends with life gone out forever.

Across the ravine dashed the two men with Justin between them. They climbed up the rough side of the gully, and came out upon a stretch of open country. As yet the young borderer had seen nothing of pursuers, though he doubted not that Girty and Nullen had heard them on the trail.

If Justin could have looked back, he might have seen three forms in hot pursuit. Two of these were white men, and the third an athletic young Indian, who ran like a deer with his headdress shaking in the night wind.

Red Mink had come across Old Baldy and Jack in the forest, and by the merest chance had escaped a bullet from the old hunter's rifle. Jack knew the young Indian on sight, and he had knocked Old Baldy's weapon aside in time to save Red Mink's life. It did not take the Shawnee long to reveal Justin's hid-out, and at the same time he declared that two suspicious men had been seen in the neighborhood of the cavern.

"The rascals are ahead o' us!" ejaculated Old Baldy, with a sudden glance at Jack. "You know the trail we picked up awhile bock, boy?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. Lead the way, Red Mink."

It was the three who roused Girty and his companion, after the bout with the panther, and caused them to make such a hasty exit through the back of the cave. If they had remained a little longer, they would have become targets for the three rifles now on their trail.

The dead panther and Justin's absence told the story.

"We'll git 'em yet!" cried Old Baldy. "They've got the boy, an' I'll bet my noggin I kin name the scamps."

Out through the cavern hurried the avengers. Beyond the entrance their keen eyes caught sight of Justin and his captors, but they did not pause to give Captain Simon a chance to launch a bullet at them.

Meantime Girty and Nullen had passed the ravine, and were hastening toward a belt of timber which lay beyond the open country. Justin heard the exclamations with which his foes greeted the appearance of their hunters. His heart for a moment swelled with hope, and then as suddenly dropped to immeasurable depths in his bosom.

"Don't think we're going to let you go," growled Mike Nullen, as he seemed to read the boy's thoughts. "When we surrender our prey, it 's not worth scalping."

Justin, from what he had heard of the pair, could well believe this.

On, on, they went. The moon, which cast a sickly light upon the scene, revealed them to the implacable hunters.

At the end of the open land the ground rose gradually and then joined the timber. Justin's captors were straining every nerve to gain this shelter. Old Baldy suddenly halted.

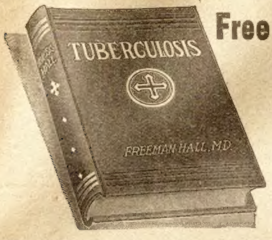
"It's a long shot," his companions heard him say, "but I kinder guess Old Neverfail kin shoot across it. Ef the varmints reach the timber, they're liable ter give us trouble."

"Which is Simon and which Mike, I kain't jes' tell at this distance," he went on, as his rifle struck his shoulder. "I'll take the man on the right an' risk it."

It was a long shot in the uncertain light, but the old man's eyes had lost none of their sharpness, despite his years, and Red Mink and Jack seemed to hold their breath. Sharply rang out

Tuberculosis

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



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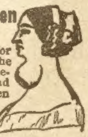

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the report of the deadliest rifle of the old frontier. No sound came back, but one of the moving figures was seen to topple away, and then the others vanished.

"Now for the race!" shouted Old Baldy.

He sped over the ground as though he had the wings of Mercury, and it troubled Jack and the young Indian to keep up with him. The backwoodsman reached the rise, and the next moment had leaped over a prostrate form on the ground. Mike Nullen would never again trouble the border, for he lay with his rough face upturned and an avenging bullet in his brain.

What had become of Simon and Justin the pursuers did not know.

All at once a cry came out of the heart of the timber.

"That is Justin!" cried Jack.

The cry was immediately followed by a shot, and suddenly there broke out of the woods a figure which sped toward the trio in leaps and bounds. Justin had suddenly broken from Girty's grasp.

It was Girty's shot which had followed Justin's exclamation. Rage operated in the youth's favor, for the bullet destined for him clipped a strand of hair and knocked his coonskin cap from his head.

Seeing his failure, Simon Girty stood not upon the order of his going, but, fearing the deadly weapon which had stretched his companion dead in the moonlight, he bolted away, loading his rifle as he ran, and exerting all his famous powers.

"Justin! Justin!" shouted Jack, and Justin answered with a cry of deliverance.

Old Baldy and Red Mink kept on in pursuit of Girty. Half an hour later they came back, the old hunter laughing in an uproarious manner, and holding above his head a cap which was known all over the Kentucky wilderness.

"I'll send this cap back to Simon one o' these days," he said, as he came up. "But I'll do it at the muzzle o' my weapon!"

It was indeed the renegade's headdress, and Old Baldy laughed again when he looked at it.

"So Simon got away unscathed?" said Jack.

"It's hard to hit a zigzaggin' rabbit," was the reply; "but I'll venture Simon heard the whiz o' my compliments."

With Justin rescued, the little party now turned back toward the cavern. Before long they were headed for Boonesborough.

"Ar' ye goin' to Boone's fort with us?" suddenly asked Old Baldy, turning to the silent Red Mink, who was tramping along.

"Why not, white brother? Red Mink no dare go back to the tribe now."

"That's a prime fact," was the retort. "But aren't you afeared ter go whar Simon Kenton is?"

"Red Mink fears not the pale-faced hunter of Kaintucky."

"He shall not touch you, Red Mink!" exclaimed Jack. "Justin and I will stand between you and Simon Kenton."

"An' so will Baldy Sims," spoke the old man.

It was a long tramp back to the fort near the Kentucky River. It came in sight at the close of day, and at Old Baldy's hail the gate was thrown open and the little band marched inside.

"There's the pesky young red!" roared out the voice of Kenton, the moment he set eyes on Red Mink. "So you've brought him back for punishment?"

"Not by your hand, Captain Simon," answered Justin, as he stepped to Red Mink's side and cocked his rifle. Jack followed his example. Kenton swallowed hard and glared at the boys.

"An' here's another one who says that the man who touches this young Injun is his eternal foe!" cried Old Baldy. "This Injun has won his freedom from the white man's scalpin' knife, an' by the eternal! Old Baldy is his friend forever!"

Daniel Boone now came forward and listened to the story of Red Mink's kindness to Justin, and then held out his bronzed hand to the young Shawnee. It was the first time in many a long day that the king of borderers had pressed the hand of a red man. All knew what this meant, and Simon Kenton, the Indian hater, was compelled to swallow his anger. He did so with ill grace, and, fearful that he might want to wreak his vengeance on Red Mink, he shouldered his rifle and disappeared in the forest beyond the fort.

In the days that followed, Red Mink made good his friendship for the whites, and more than once stood between them and the tomahawk.

Jack and Justin became famous borderers, and in time Jack led Lucy McDonald, the beautiful Gentle Fawn of the Shawnees, to the altar, and Justin found a bride among the girls of Boonesborough. Old Baldy did not leave the forest trail until he had completed his vengeance, and neither Jack nor Justin ever forgot their stirring days on the old frontier in the glorious days of Daniel Boone.

In next week's Ledger will appear a thrilling story called "The Boy Detective; or, The Great Morgan Mystery," by Weldon J. Cobb. It will interest you highly, so don't fail to read it.

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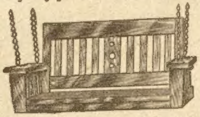

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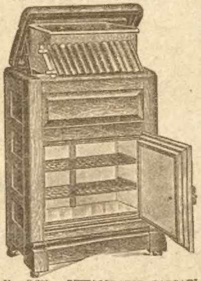

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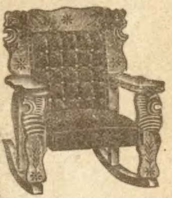

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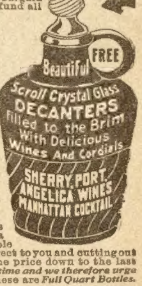

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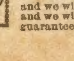

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Revengeful.

"Will these goods wash?" asked the shopper.

"No, madam," answered the clerk. "These goods will shrink, run, and fade the minute it is put in the water. I cannot tell a lie—it's fierce to wash."

"Noble youth!" cried the shopper. "At last I have found an honest clerk. Cut me off ten yards of it, and——"

"Stop lady! You don't want this piece of goods. I'm glad you think well of me, but for all I know this piece may be all right. I've just been fired, and I'm trying to do the store all the dirt I can. Look around and see if you can't find something worse."

Little Johnnie's Advice.

Johnnie, a bright boy of six years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked:

"Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millions and a half."

"What in, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million, and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said:

"Ma, tell pa to sell tne baby, and buy us some clothes."

The Husband's Mistake.

"What curious mistakes we make sometimes. I've just been reading, for instance, that Columbus imagined that he had discovered the Indies."

"Ah, I made a worse mistake than that! When I married my wife I thought I'd discovered Paradise!"

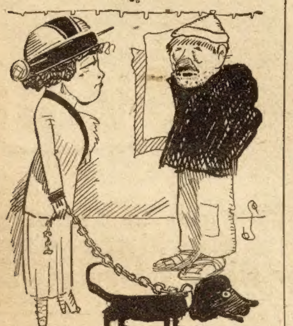
Those Dear Girls.

Maud—I'm told I get my good looks from my mother.

Ethel—I wouldn't repeat that if I were you.

Maud—Why not?

Ethel—People will think your mother was stingy.



Woman—Well, my man, I suppose you owe your present rags and misery to not being able to say "no?"

Beggar—Yes'm—during leap year!

The General Scapegoat.

"Yes, yo honah, dat culled pusson ovah dah made some disparagements of de way I was whitewashin' de fence, an' I smacked him wif de brush."

"Then you struck him in your anger?"

"No, sah. I struck him in de mouf."

"And is that your only excuse for committing the assault?"

"No, indeed, sah. De whole trouble is wif de artistic temperament, jedge—an' I got it an' got it strong!"

All His Life.

"You're a pretty old man to be begging?" said the lady at the back door.

"Yes, ma'am," said the wanderer.

"How long have you been begging?"

"I dunno, ma'am."

"You don't know how long you've been begging?"

"No, ma'am; you see, I don't just know how old I really am, ma'am!"

Really Blessings.

Nexdore—Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I haven't heard her lately.

Naybor—Since the children came she has had no time.

Nexdore—Ah, children are such a blessing!

Firm Believer in Work.

Old 'Un (sarcastically)—Then you don't believe in the benefit of work, I suppose?

Young 'Un—Don't I though? If the old guv'nor hadn't worked like a horse all his life I shouldn't have what I have now.

An Insult.

"Why is Mayme so cool toward Mr. Downrite?"

"Because he made a personal remark she didn't like. He told her something was as plain as the nose on her face."

"What's the matter with that?"

"She thinks she's got a pretty nose."

A Husband in Subjection.

"They tell me Simpkins' wife is a perfect tyrant. The poor fellow actually goes around, they say, without a nickel in his pockets."

"Worse than that—she's cut off his supply of pockets."

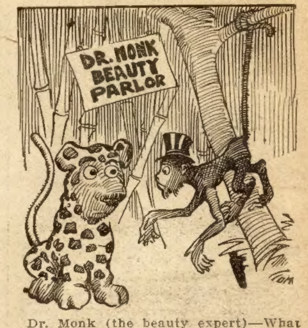
Quick-Change Artist.

Inquiring Visitor—Yesterday you appeared as a fire eater—today you are an Eskimo swallowing raw, frozen fish.

"Yes. My doctor ordered a change of diet."

Out of Court.

Old friends and neighbors had fallen out and had gone to law about it. "This is too bad, too bad!" commented the Judge. "And between such old friends! Is this not a case that might be settled out of court?" "I'm sorry to say that this can't be done, your honor," remarked the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, but the coward wouldn't fight."



Dr. Monk (the beauty expert)—What can I do for you, madam?

Mme. Spots (the leopardess)—I'd like to have you do something to remove my freckles.

Do You Want to Pay the Watch Trust for a Name—Or Do You Want to Buy a Real Watch?

Mr. Buyer of a watch, you are looking for the *best watch* you can get for the money you want to spend, aren't you? Now, what kind of a watch are you going to buy? Are you going to buy a watch just because you think of this name or that name at once? Or are you going to ***investigate?*** Are you going to ***find out for yourself*** what the best watch is you can possibly buy for a fair and honest price? If you *want* to be posted on the watch situation, send coupon at bottom for the most sensational book on watches ever written. This book tells all about the methods of the giant factories. It also tells you about

The Burlington Special

A 19-Jewel Watch Guaranteed for 25 Years

The Burlington Special is a watch *positively without a superior.* It is a quality watch built to give the most superb service. This service *we absolutely guarantee.* When you buy a trust watch you get a watch that is turned out in quantities—great quantities—turned out by the barrel full. The more watches the trust can make the bigger profits it can split up. The Burlington is not made that way. The Burlington Company was started with a different idea in view. We believed that there were many, many people who preferred to get the *best watch* they could for the money —regardless of the name. We knew that there were many people who wanted to be assured that their watch did not come from the same machines that turn out $2.09 trust watches. In the Burlington we can give you this assurance.

Our $1,000 Challenge You may have read of the $1,000 challenge of the Burlington Watch Co. directed against the largest watch factories in the U.S. *This challenge was posted more than two years ago.* And the challenge has never been accepted. The giant competitors of the Burlington Co. never will accept this challenge. They dare not. They know what the result would be. They know that their watches could not match the Burlington in a test. But the challenge stands. Let them accept it if they dare. We know the Burlington is *supreme.* We know that no watch can be made better.

ADJUSTED TO TEMPERATURE The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours, then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures.

ADJUSTED TO ISOCHRONISM A careful adjustment, so that the speed of a watch, when it is fully wound up, is the same when it is almost run down.

ADJUSTED TO POSITIONS Adjusting a watch to positions is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions.

THE JEWELS are the finest grade of selected genuine imported ruby and sapphire jewels, absolutely flawless. 19 of these chosen gems protect every point.

DOUBLE JEWELS That is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

MAIN SPRING Two points in which Americans have yet to compete with the Swiss are mainspring and hairspring. Although watch springs are made now in almost all parts of the world, no one has ever been able to equal these Swiss springs. The strain is almost absolutely constant, no matter whether the watch is fully wound or is nearly run down. The Swiss springs used in the Burlington watch do not crystalize with usage, and breakage is very rare. These springs will run a watch from 32 to 36 hours.

U SPRING REGULATOR allows adjustments to smallest fraction of a second.

FACTORY FITTED Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

ONLY $2.50 Yes, only $2.50 per month and the Burlington Special is yours. For the present we are making this sensational offer, because we want to put Burlingtons *everywhere.* The Burlington is shipped right out direct from us at the Rock Bottom Price. The jewelers don't handle it because *they dare not.* They handle long profit watches. They get long-time credit from the big companies. Many times they don't have to pay for the watch they sell you until you buy it from them. Then they take out their profit and send the rest to the jobber who takes out another profit before the rest reaches the makers. And *you foot the bill.* It has cost money to keep the trust watch in the case for weeks—maybe months. It was eating up interest all the time. The makers had to plan ahead for this at the time they sent it to the small dealer. The interest was figured in at the time the watch was priced—*and you have been paying this interest.* We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price-boosting contracts is very, very unfair. Our watch book gives a copy of one of these iron-clad contracts—this will give you inside information of how watch trust prices were raised again when the new tariff went into effect, so now you must pay still more for a good watch. Do you, as an open-minded American citizen, want to continue to have your pockets stripped by this kind of business? Wouldn't you rather buy a watch that we can show you is *the best watch in America*—shipped direct from the Burlington Watch Co. with our direct guarantee—than to buy from a small dealer a watch that is turned out by the barrel full?

Write Today for Our Big Offer

Send the Free Coupon Investigate anyway! Even if you don't want to buy a watch just now, let us tell you about an honest watch, so that you will know where to get it when you want it. We give you a 19-jewel adjusted watch cheaper—much cheaper than you could possibly buy a similar 19-jewel trust watch. We can do this because we don't have the expensive selling systems to maintain. Our watches go straight out direct from us. They get a factory test before they are shipped. And maybe the trust watch that you bought had a factory test several years before you got it, and after that was handled by a dozen different people. Send this free coupon and get our great easy payment plan on the Burlington Special—the quality watch—the *honest watch made in an honest factory.* Write today and get our watch book which gives you inside information on the watch trust.

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FREE COUPON

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Gentlemen:—You may send me free and prepaid your New Watch Book and full particulars of your direct offer on your Burlington Special Watch, copy of your $1000 Challenge and explanation of your easy payment plan.

Name...

Address...